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POEMS,
FROM
ADMIRED AUTHORS,
AND
SCARCE MISCELLANIES.

With many PIECES never before Published.

*Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme.*

MONODY ON GARRICK.

NORTH-SHIELDS:

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M,DCC,XC.

COLLECTION

P O E M S

ADDRESS





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TO form a popular and pleasing collection of such POEMS as are not very generally known, has been the chief design of the EDITOR, in which he has spared neither pains nor expence. To say in what degree his intentions have been effected, must be left to the judgement of the Public, whose candour and encouragement he most respectfully solicits.

Those Gentlemen who so kindly favoured him, for the purpose of selection, with such Books as he could not otherwise have easily procured, are desired to accept his sincere thanks; particularly the Gentleman, by whose assistance he has been enabled to embellish and enrich this collection with *Verses from the Rev. Mr Bishop to his Lady, — Lines on reading the Sorrows of Werter, — The Curate —* and the *Manuscript Poems of the late ingenious Mr Bedingsfeld.*

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the endeavours to be correct in the Printing, some mistakes may be found, but as it is believed they only consist in the omitting or misplacing of a Point or a Letter, (except in one or two instances) they will be easily noticed, and which the reader it is hoped will excuse.

NORTH-SHIELDS, }
April 1790.

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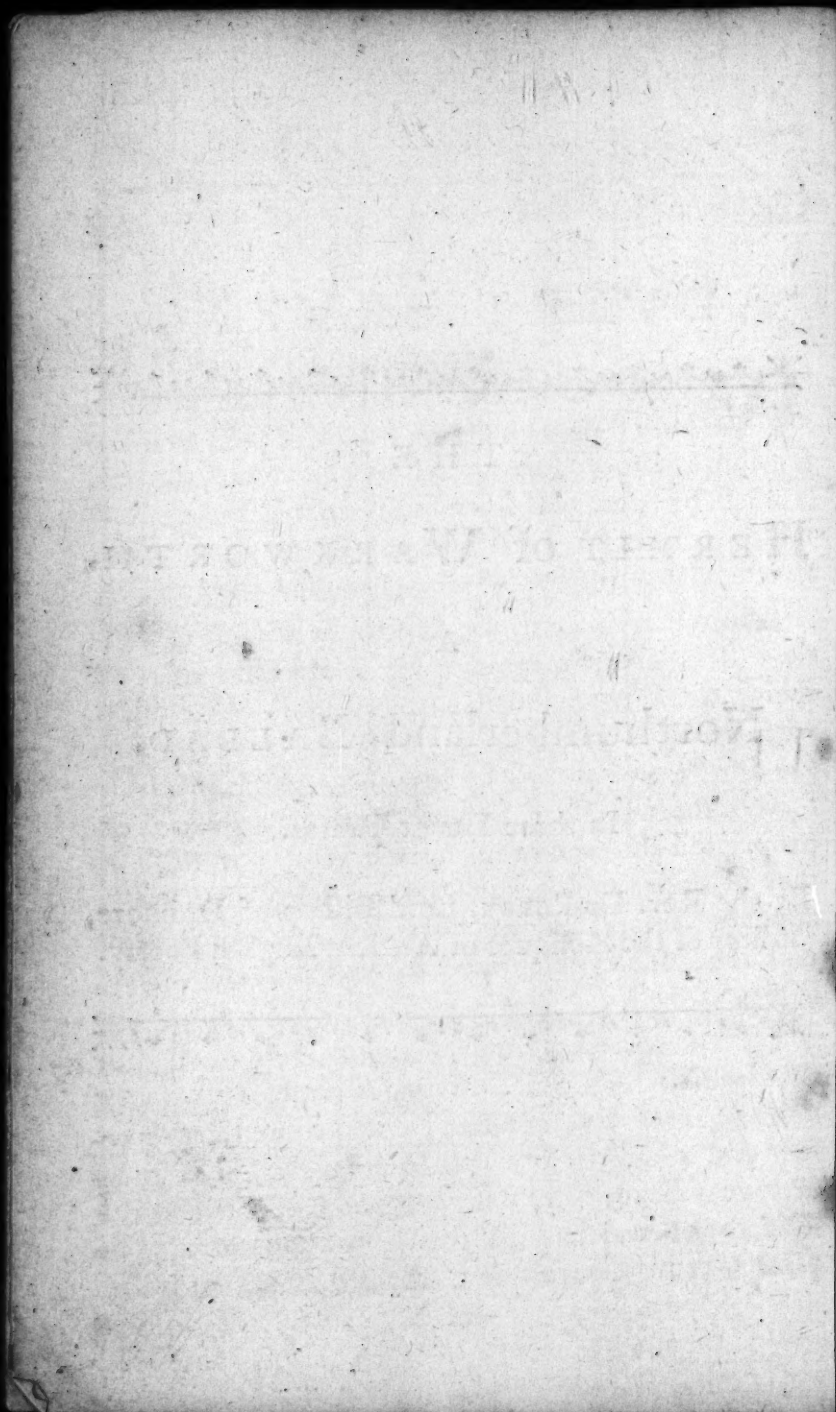
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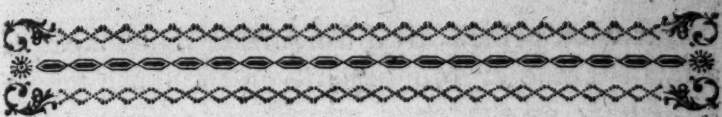
THE
HERMIT of WARKWORTH.
A
Northumberland BALLAD.

In three Fits or Cantos.

By the Rev. Dr PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore,
Editor of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.







ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland stands boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin Historians, COQUEDA) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

A

But

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But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the south side of the Altar : on the top of which, lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary ; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches ; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar : whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other Figures ; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining Apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the BERTRAM family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles

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miles from Warkworth. He has been thought to be the same BERTRAM, that endowed BRINKBURN Priory, and built BRENKSHAUGH Chapel: which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But BRINKBURN Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic Windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden† informs us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of WARKWORTH was not the same person that founded BRINKBURN Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the BERTRAM family, who lived at a later period.

* Tanner's Notitia Monast. † See his Remains.

* * FIT was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify a *Part* or *Division* of their Historical Songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poetry, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397. 2d Ed.

THE
HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A
Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

0

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :
And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! fore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven, the Hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return'd his call,
Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true ;
If you have chanc'd to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said ;
The lady's safe and well :
And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall with manly bloom,
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down my children, says the Sage ;
Sweet rest your limbs require :
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

B

Thanks

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare;
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good chear,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counfel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir ;
And, oh ! to save him from his foes
It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he plac'd the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas ! beneath a cloud ;
Their honors rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas ! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills
The PERCY lives unknown :
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss! —
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd
Of all his friends and thee?
Then, blest me, father, said the youth,
For I thy guest am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head:

Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care:
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wonderous fair.

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth:
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With

* ROBERT STUART, duke of Albany. See the continuator of FORDUN's Scoti-Chronicon, cap. 18. cap. 23, &c.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see :
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wandered as in chace,
Till in the noble NEVILLE's house *
I gain'd a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I liv'd unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seiz'd me for their prey.

My

* RALPH NEVILLE, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of BRANCEPETH, and RABY, both in the bishoprick of Durham.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came;
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

O happy day! the youth replied:
Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we fear'd, (alas, the while!)
Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE *
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight
Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing

* JOAN, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of JOHN of GAUNT, and half-sister of king HENRY IV.

Despairing then to gain consent ;
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursu'd,
We turn'd adown the right-hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood :

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
Awhile your cares foregoe :
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed ;
—— We'll pass the night below.*

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE

THE
HERMIT of WARKWORTH.

A
Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE SECOND.

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast ?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride ?

Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,
 Can I thy suit withstand?
 When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
 Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles,
 And mother's tender care;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maïd,
 Such matchless favour show,
 To share with me a banish'd wight
 My peril, pain, or woe.

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
 To crown thy constant breast:
 For, know, fond hope assures my heart
 That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle
 Surrounded by the sea;
 There dwells a holy friar, well-known
 To all thy friends and thee:*

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
 For every worthy deed;
 To RABY castle he shall go,
 And for us kindly plead.

C

To

* In the little island of COQUET, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone :
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one :

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then strait to RABY's distant walls
He kindly wends his way :
Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The Hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And over-hung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely Steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing thro' a stony Arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little Garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then,

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
 Three sacred Vaults he shows;
 The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
 On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace;
 The Lattice for confession fram'd,
 And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred Text
 Invites to godly-fear;
 And in a little Scutcheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a Tomb
 All in the living stone;
 On which a young and beauteous Maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast;
 A weeping warrior at her feet;
 And near to these her Crest.*

C 2

The

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the WIDDRINGTON family. All the Figures, &c. here described are still visible; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ;

The Hermit figh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak :
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale,
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains ;
Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place ;*
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With

* WIDDRINGTON castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth.

With wassel, mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around :
 Lord PERCY call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms
 Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 " How valiant MAINFRED o'er the seas
 " First led his northern band.*

" Brave Galfred next to Normandy
 " With venturous Rollo came ;
 " And from his Norman castles won
 " Assum'd the PERCY name.†

" They sung, how in the Conqueror's fleet
 " Lord WILLIAM ship'd his powers,
 " And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
 " With all her lands and towers.‡

" Then

* See Dugdale's Baronage, pag. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of PERCY : whence the family took the surname DE PERCY.

‡ WILLIAM DE PERCY, (fifth in Descent from Galfred, or Geffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte, (so the

- " Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 " There bravely fought and dy'd :
 " But first the silver Crescent wan,
 " Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

 " They sung how AGNES, beauteous heir,
 " The queen's own brother wed
 " Lord JOSCELINE, sprung from Charlemagne,
 " In princely Brabant bred.*

 " How he the PERCY name reviv'd,
 " And how his noble line
 " Still foremost in their country's cause
 " With godlike ardour shine."

With

the Norman writers name her,) whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, WILLIAM from a principle of honour and generosity, married : for having all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, " he (to use the words of the " old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire " to them, in discharging of his conscience." See Hall MSS. 992. (26.)— He died at Mountjoy near Jerusalem, in the first Crusade—

* AGNES DE PERCY, sole heiress of her house, married JOSCELINE DE LOVAIN, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of PERCY, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son lord RICHARD DE PERCY was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the masters' song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Step'd forward thro' the hall.

She Bertram courteously address'd ;
And kneeling on her knee ;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
'The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY, and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more ;
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY-standard bore,

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round ;
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound,

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes ;
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address'd.

Now, Bertram, prove thy Lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd, with glad assent,
And spur'd his eager steed,
And calling on his Lady's name,
Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces thro' ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side
They hem Sir Bertram round ;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish ax,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain ;
That beauteous helme, his Lady's gift !
—— His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag'd amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
There all their courage show'd ;
And all the field was strew'd with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
And weltering in his gore
Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
To WARK's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earn'd my daughter's love ;
Her father kindly fed ;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
Fair ISABEL ne'er appears :
Beswore me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
He bless'd the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
And heal'd his ghastly wound.

*. WARK castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in antient times, stood on the southern bank of the river TWEED, a little to the east of TIVIOT-DALE, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE

THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A
Northumberland BALLAD.

F I T T H E T H I R D .

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er mofs and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower?
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud sir Bertram call'd
Ere he beheld a light.

At

At length her aged Nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear :
What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
To see thy Lady fair.

Now out alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd fir Bertram's heart,
And ready was he to fall ;
When now the draw-bridge was let down,
And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All thro' my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

Then

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind:
Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
'Till I thy Lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range:
Do thou go north, and I'll go west;
And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a Palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town;
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he fate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee:
But thou art sad and woe-begone!
I marvel whence it be!

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stol'n away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son; perchance, (he said)
Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in a lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I ask'd, what harm had hap'd,
What Lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught fir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong;

My Lōrd, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou should'st win;
But, alas, I am sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

E

Yet,

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear ;
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his Lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his Lady thro' the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
'Till near the morning tide ;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend
Wrapt in a Tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In highland garb y-clad.

Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
 He lay unseen and still:
 And soon he saw them cross the stream,
 And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
 The youthful couple fly.
 But what can 'scape the lover's ken?
 Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close:
 Behind the flying pair,
 And saw her hang upon his arm
 With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said;
 My thanks thou well hast won:
 For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd?
 For me what dangers run?

And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay:—
 Sir Bertram would no further hear,
 But cried, Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor! yield that Lady up!—
 And quick his sword he drew.
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow:
 But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die, !——A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word.

Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay! ——
And here the Hermit paus'd, and wept;
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest? ——
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stab'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah! cruel fate! they said.
The Hermit wept, and so did they:
They sigh'd; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow?
The Hermit paus'd; they silent mourn'd;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
And clos'd the ghastly wound:
In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
And rais'd it from the ground.

My

My brother, alas! spake never more;

His precious life was flown.

She kindly strove to sooth my pain,

Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,

And live to think on me:

My we in heaven that union prove,

Which here was not to be!

Bertram, she said, I still was true;

Thou only hadst my heart:

May we hereafter meet in blifs!

We now, alas! must part.

For thee, I left my father's hall,

And flew to thy relief;

When, lo! near Chiviot's fatal hills

I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love,

I had refus'd with scorn;

He flew my guards and seiz'd on me

Upon that fatal morn:

And in these dreary hated walls

He kept me close confin'd;

And fondly sued and warmly prefs'd

To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,

Each night increas'd my fear;

When wandering in this northern garb

Thy brother found me here.

He.

He quickly form'd this brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay:

And rising up in furious haste
I seiz'd the bloody brand: *
A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
And wrench'd it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss'd their lovely ward;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanc'd that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord PERCY had us soon exchange'd,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And

* i. e. sword.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were convey'd;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loath'd my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men
Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and fordid care;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir BERTRAM now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild;
But poor and humble BENEDICT,
Now lowly, patient, mild:

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise;
And here a lonely Anchorete
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My

My noble Friend approv'd my choice;
This blest retreat he gave:
And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
Forfaken, or forgot,
The PERCY and his noble Sons,
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe,
I liv'd to mourn his fall:
I liv'd to mourn his godlike Sons,
And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Lov'd youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the PERCY name
More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They ask the good old fire :
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * Nephew's throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The PERCY was restor'd.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame :
 NINE noble SONS to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.

* * The account given in the foregoing ballad of young PERCY, the son of HOTSPUR, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

F

“ HENRY

“ HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY PERCY,
 “ slayne at Shrewesbury, and of ELIZABETH, the
 “ daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death
 “ of his Father and Grauntfyre, was exiled into
 “ Scotland * in the time of king Henry the Fourth:
 “ but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the
 “ labour of JOHANNE the countes of Westmerland,
 “ (whose daughter ALLANOR he *had wedded in*
 “ *coming into England,*) he recovered the king’s
 “ grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so
 “ was the *second Erle* of Northumberland.

“ And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX
 “ Sonnes, and III Daughters, whose names be
 “ JOHANNE, that is burried at Whytbye: THOMAS,
 “ lord Egremont: KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn:
 “ Sir RAFFE PERCY: WILLIAM PERCY, a Bishopp:
 “ RICHARD PERCY: JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT
 “ ISSUE: (another JOHN, called by Vincent † ‘Jo-
 “ hannes Percy senior de Warkworth’ :) GEORGE
 “ PERCY, Clerk: HENRY that dyed WITHOUT
 “ ISSUE: ANNE —” (besides the eldest son and
 “ successor here omitted, because he comes in be-
 “ low, viz.)

“ HENRY PERCY, the THIRD Erle of NORTH-
 “ UMBERLAND.”

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of
 king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici quartis.*
 Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds office.

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist,* which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth's time. †

F 2

SIR

* Psal. xlii. 3.
Northumb.

† Classed, F. I. No. 1. penes Duc.

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX MERKS BY YERE.

“ HENRY Erle of Northumberland, &c. KNOWE
 “ youe that I the said Erle, in consideration of the
 “ diligent and thankfull service, that my wellbe-
 “ loved Chaplen sir GEORGE LANCASTRE hath don
 “ unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode
 “ and vertus disposition that I do perceiue in him :
 “ And for that he shall have in his daily recom-
 “ mendation and praiers the good estate of all suche
 “ noble Blode and other Personages, as be now
 “ levyng; And the Soules of such noble Blode
 “ as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this
 “ present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and
 “ wrettyn in a Table upon perchment signed with
 “ thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the
 “ custodie and keapyng of the said sir George
 “ Lancaster: And further, that he shall kepe and
 “ saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doynge
 “ Masse of *Requiem* every weke accordinge as it is
 “ written and set furth in the saide Table: HAVE
 “ geven and graunted, and by these presents do
 “ gyve and graunte unto the said sir George, myn
 “ ARMYTAGE belded in a Rock of stone within
 “ my Parke of WARKWORTH in the Countie of
 “ Northumbreland in the honour of the blessed
 “ Trynete, With a yerly Stipende of twenty Merks
 “ by yer,* from the feest of seint Michell thar-
 “ chaungell last past afore the date herof yerly
 “ duryng

* This would be equal to £ 100 per annum now. See the Chronicon Pretiosum.

“ Castell of Warkworth, the third daye of Decem-
 “ ber, in the xxiiith Yer of the Reigne of our
 “ Sovereyn Lorde kyng Henry the eight.”

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the same was allowed by the Chancellor and Councel of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent Sir George Lancaster; Excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called The Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Brankeston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham.* That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tanner:† but he must be very ignorant, who supposes that by the word CELL is necessarily to be understood

* Ang. Sacr. p. 738.

† Not. Mon. p. 396.

stood a Hermitage; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of Queen Elizabeth's time; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the HERMITAGE, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567.* viz.

“ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also
 “ one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which is
 “ called the HERMITAGE CHAPEL: In the same
 “ ther haith bene ONE PRIEST keaped, which did
 “ such godlye Services as that tyme was used and
 “ celebrated.. The Mantion House (sc. the small
 “ building adjoining to the Cragg) ys nowe in
 “ decaye: the Closes that appertained to the said
 “ Chantrye is occupied to his Lordship's use.”

* By Geo. Clarkson, MS. penes Duc. North.



VERSES *sent to his* LADY *by the* Rev. Mr BISHOP.

I. WITH THE PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

A Knife, dear girl, cuts love they say;
Mere modish love perhaps it may:
For any tool of any kind
Can separate what was never join'd.
The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must your softness, worth and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgement, sight, forever;
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer, and a short one too;
All that affection feels or fears,
When hours without you, seem like years.
Till that be done,—and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,
Accept this present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a knife,—delicious treat :
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the giutton there,
All thoughts of cutting we'll disdain,
Save only——cut and come again.



II. WITH A RING.

(Never Published before.)

' **T**HEE, Mary, with this Ring I wed,
So sixteen years ago I said.—
Behold another Ring ! for what ?
To wed thee o'er again ! Why not ?
With that first Ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth ;
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd
And all my Molly, that appear'd.

If she by merit since disclos'd
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow.

Here then to day,—with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense, and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth and plighted mine.
To thee sweet girl, my second Ring,
A token and a pledge I bring.

G

With

With this I wed, till death us part;
 Thy riper virtues to my heart,
 Those virtues which before untry'd,
 The wife has added to the bride;
 Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
 Endearing wedlocks very name,
 My soul enjoys, my song approves,
 For conscience sake, as well as love's.
 For why? They show me hour by hour,
 Honour's high thought, affection's pow'r
 Discretion's deed, sound judgement's sentence
 And teach me all things,—but repentance.



III. WITH A POCKET LOOKING GLASS.

(Never Published before.)

TO thee dear wife,—and all must grant
 A wife no common confidante,
 I dare my secret soul reveal,
 And utter every thing I feel.
 This verse for instance, I design
 To mark a female friend of mine,
 Whom long, with warm affection's glee,
 I've seen, and could forever see.
 But hear me first describe the dame,
 Then,—if your heart will let you,—blame,
 I've seen her charm at forty, more
 Than half her sex at twenty four.

Seen

Seen her with equal pow'r and ease,
 Draw right to rule from will to please,
 Seen in her modest manner join'd
 The just, the graceful, and the kind,
 Seen her so frankly give, and spare
 At once with so discreet a care,
 As if her sense, and hers alone
 Could limit bounty like her own,
 Seen her, in simple nature's guise
 Above arts, airs, and fashions rise,
 And when her peers she had surpass'd,
 Improve upon herself at last,
 Seen her in such extent of merit,
 In form, taste, judgement, temper, spirit
 So perfect, that till heaven remove her,
 I must admire her, court her, love her.
 Molly, I speak the thing I mean,
 So rare a woman have I seen!
 And send this honest glass, that you
 Whene'er you please, may see her too.



IV. WITH AN ORANGE BERGAMOT SNUFF BOX.

(Never Published before.)

Dear Mary.

Jan. 1, 1780.

AN husband, as in duty bound,
 Presents what an admirer found.
 Pray start not when you lift the lid:
 The portrait's in the snuff-box hid.

Ay Mary—and myself alone
Can boast th' original his own.
By nature's early cunning wrought,
That box no second polish sought;
Such in this form as on the bough,
Plain orange then, plain orange now.
Strong outline of a certain dame,
Whose taste from native judgement came;
'To whom mere genius gives a stile
Which fashion ne'er could mend, or spoil.
Your boxes, of more modern make,
From various sources value take,
An artist's name and hum'rist's whim,
The curious hinge, the costly rim;
But all in this agree, they bear
No perfume, till you place it there.
While modest orange here augments
From its own store the richest scents,
A miniature exact and true
Of—why not speak at once?—of you!
Whose manner in each part you fill,
Makes pleasure's self more pleasing still!
This orange, in some former hour,
Had like most oranges, its sour;
But soon that acid fount was drain'd
And endless fragrancy remain'd.
So in the wonder I admire,
If pregnant sense, perchance inspire
A little jest a little tart,
'Tis from the fancy, not the heart:

Fancy,

Fancy, whose four a moment quells,
 A heart, where sweetness ever dwells,
 And is not then the picture like?
 And does not every feature strike?
 Yes,—and the world would own it too,
 If what I've seen the world could view;
 I, who, with this poor gift, and lay,
 Salute the eighteenth wedding day;
 And, cent'ring in one friend and guide
 My joys excess, my reason's pride,
 Would for increasing love engage;
 Were every year to come, an age.



V. WITH A COLLAR, AND PEARL BUCKLE.

(Never Published before.)

Jan. 1, 1781.

THE day was spent, the year was clos'd,
 Beside his forge tir'd labour doz'd.
 A golden buckle meant to deck,
 At morn's return, my Mary's neck—
 Tribute mere justice long'd to pay—
 Half finish'd on his anvil lay.
 Benighted—how it matters not,—
 Love, truth, and time approach'd the spot;
 They saw th' imperfect frame, they knew
 Where, and from whom, and when 'twas due.
 ' What pity? things should thus stand still,
 ' Till yon dull drudge hath slept his fill!

' Suppose,'

‘ Suppose,’ the three companions cried,
‘ Ourselves our joint exertions tried.’
The project pleas’d ; so said, so done ;
And each his several task begun.
For bloom, that heavens own painting shows,
For features, where high feeling glows,
For looks, that more than language speak,
For sweetness, dimpling humour’s cheek,
For dignity by neatness drest,
Where still whatever is, is best ;
For pow’rs that call the captive eye
From all nymphs else, when she is by ;
Yet makes us, when she is not near,
Ev’n for her sake the sex revere ;
For softness, and for strength of mind,
Sense ripe, though rapid, keen, tho’ kind ;
For lib’ral purpose, and prompt skill
That lib’ral purpose to fulfil ;
For friendly zeal’s aspiring blaze ;
For gen’rous joy in honest praise ;
For sympathy, that would postpone
No human sorrows, but her own ;
For all that can exalt, through life,
The woman, or endear the wife ;
Love, whose quicksight no facts evade,
A sep’rate pearl in order laid.
Truth, pearl by pearl exactly told,
Arrang’d them on the circling gold,
Announc’d their weight from first to last,
And set them close, and clinch’d them fast.

Time

Time o'er the whole a polish threw,
Which brighter still and brighter grew.

The work soon wrought with equal haste,
The workmen on this collar plac'd;
Then bade the fondest husband bear
The present to the worthiest fair,
Bade him salute in cordial lay
Her natal, and her bridal day;
And his own suffrage to approve,
Appeal to time, and truth, and love.



*On Reading the SORROWS of WERTER,
(By an elderly LADY.)*

THY self wrought sorrows, Werter, while I view
Why falls not o'er the Page soft pity's dew?
Is there no tear for thy unhappy lot?
Is tenderness no more—and love forgot?
Chill'd is my breast by fifty winters Snow?
And dead the touch of sympathetick woe?
No!—o'er this bosom fifty winters old
Love, wedded Love still points his shafts of gold,
Still waves his purple wings and o'er my urn
With brightest rays his constant lamp shall burn;
Not such thy torch of Love—in angry mood
By Furies lighted, and put out in Blood,
From the black deed affrighted Pity flew,
And Honor stopt the tear compassion drew.
While from thy gloomy Page I learn to know
That virtuous tears alone, for virtuous sorrows flow.

The INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's filken chain

A plague of iron prove?

Bendish, 'tis strange the charm, that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I fought the wond'rous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then, deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and crosses the tide,
On fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of the mind!)
'Till, on the banks of Ganges flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Ris'n with his god, the sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half divine his tongue.

He sang "th' eternal rolling flame,
" That vital mass, that, still the same,
" Does all our minds compose:

" But

“ But shap’d in twice ten thousand frames ;
 “ Thence diff’ring souls, of diff’ring names,
 “ And jarring tempests rose.

“ The mighty Power, that form’d the mind,
 “ One mould for every two design’d,
 “ And blest’d the new-born pair :

“ This be a match for this :” (he said :)
 “ Then down he sent the souls he made,
 “ To seek them bodies here :

“ But, parting from their warm abode,
 “ They lost their fellows on the road,
 “ And never join’d their hands :

“ Ah ! cruel chance and crossing fates !
 “ Our eastern souls have dropp’d their mates
 “ On Europe’s barbarous lands.

“ Happy the youth that finds the bride
 “ Whose birth is to his own ally’d,
 “ The sweetest joy of life :

“ But, oh ! the crowds of wretched souls
 “ Fetter’d to minds of different moulds,
 “ And chain’d t’ eternal strife !”

Thus sang the wond’rous Indian bard ;
 My soul with vast attention heard,
 While Ganges ceas’d to flow :

“ Sure, then, (I cry’d) might I but see
 “ That gentle nymph that twinn’d with me,
 “ I may be happy too.

“ Some courteous angel tell me where,
 “ What distant lands this unknown fair,
 “ Or distant seas detain ?

H

“ Swift

" Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
 " I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
 " And wear the joyful chain."

The LAWYER'S PRAYER.—A Fragment.

O RDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,
 Where few, I fear, are found;
 Mine, be the conscience void of blame;
 The upright heart; the spotless name;
 The tribute of the widow's prayer;
 The righted orphan's grateful tear!
 To virtue, and her friends, a friend;
 Still may my voice the weak defend!
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
 Protect th' oppressor in his wrong;
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
 To sanctify the villain's cause!
 Let others, with unsparing hand,
 Scatter their poison through the land;
 Enflame dissention, kindle strife;
 And strew with ills the path of life;
 On such, her gifts let fortune shower
 Add wealth to wealth, and power to power:
 On me, may favouring heaven bestow,
 That peace, which good men only know.
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd,
 The eternal sunshine of the breast!
 Power, fame, and riches, I resign—
 The praise of honesty be mine;
 That friends may weep, the worthy sigh;
 And poor men bless me when I die!

ORDER:

ORDER:—*A Poem.*

UNHAPPY man, thro' life's successive years,
From youth to age, say how thy reason errs;
Still prone to weep thy miseries below,
Regardless of the source from whence they flow;
On Nature charging, and her perfect laws,
Those ills thy follies, or thy vices cause.

But know thou this, Nature, to all a friend,
Directs each being to its proper end;
To happiness points out the certain road—
To follow Nature, as to follow God.

Ere Time had birth, or the sun's radiant light
Dissolv'd the reign of Chaos and old Night,
Nature unform'd, in rude disorder lay,
And held in anarchy a lawless sway.

But God commands—all civil discords cease,
And warring elements unite in peace;
Systems in Order strait begin to roll,
And friendly parts compose one beauteous whole.

To Nature thus th' Eternal Mover said,
"Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd;
"Order decreed the certain path to bliss,
"None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this."

Look then around, the universe survey,
And follow Nature, as she leads the way;
To yonder ample arch direct thine eye,
And view the perfect Order of the sky.

Fix'd in his orb, see with refulgent ray,
 The constant sun lights up the genial day;
 While shining worlds melodiously advance,
 And form around the planetary dance.

See the pale moon adorn'd with borrow'd light,
 More faintly gilds the dusky shades of night;
 In bright array, she leads her starry train,
 Obeys the earth, and guides the swelling main.

Her starry train, by the same rule confin'd,
 Obsequious wait, nor leave the queen behind;
 But all in perfect harmony conspire,
 To move as Order and its laws require.

To earth descend—see mountains, woods, and vales,
 The murm'ring waters, and the whisp'ring gales;
 Whatever wings the lovely realms of Day,
 Lives on the land, or swims along the sea:
 In Order all pursue the ends design'd,
 Proportion'd to their station, and their kind.

Rains feed the earth; nor does the earth deny
 To send 'em back in vapours to the sky;
 Seas fill the springs—the springs again repay
 Their grateful tribute to the flowing sea.

Night follows day—seasons the year divide,
 'Twixt Winter's nakedness, and Summer's pride;
 And flow'rs and fruits, (the summer's rich supply)
 Rise, bloom, and flourish,—sicken, fade, and die.

Without controul, unerring Instinct reigns,
 And see, each brute the gen'ral law maintains;
 Unchanging

Unchanging verges to the destin'd goal,
True as the needle trembles to the pole.

But Man, the sport of ev'ry passion made,
By all carefs'd, and yet by all betray'd;
From Order's flow'ry path perversely strays,
And wanders on in Error's crooked maze;
And, spite of Nature, and in Reason's spight,
Pursues wrong measures, and neglects the right.

But mark how, rising from this fatal source,
Vice pours along, resistless in its course;
And, like some raging flood, without controul,
Heaps woes on woes, and deluges the soul.

Hence Love and Hate, in wild disorder join'd,
Disturb his reason, and distract his mind;
Delusive Hope, and more delusive Fear,
Now raise him up, now sink him in despair.

Hence Anger burns, and pale Dejection chills,
Envy torments, and pining Sorrow kills;
And every passion in its turn destroys
Some present bliss, or lessens future joys.

From hence Excess, parent of Sloth and Ease,
Calls forth the lurking seeds of each disease;
And Death, grim tyrant! hastens on his pace,
To shorten half the date of human race.

Hence injur'd Innocence oppression feels,
And Persecution threatens whips and wheels;
And Justice mourns, depress'd by perjur'd tools,
A prey to Malice, and a scorn to Fools.

Hence

Hence War with thousands heaps the sanguine
plain,
And Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign ;
In guilty state thus conqu'ring Cæsar rode,
And drench'd Pharsalia's field with Roman blood ;
Thus Philip's son ran mad with martial pride,
And Nero, once a saint, turn'd parricide.

A savage life our rustic fathers led,
Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed ;
Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
A lawless, cruel, and ignoble crowd.

But Order rose, the beauteous child of Jove,
Parent of Pleasure, Harmony, and Love ;
Smiling she rose, and Discord took it's flight,
The savages grew mild, the rude polite ;
Thus spectres vanish at th' approach of light.

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand,
And chearful Plenty crown'd each happy land ;
Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
And Justice held th' impartial scales of Right.

The nuptial torch then first began to flame,
And blended Int'rest pointed at one aim ;
Hence sprung the tender social ties of life,
Friend, Father, Brother, Husband, Child, and Wife.
Then towns were built, and mutual leagues were
made,
And states were form'd by Order's pow'rful aid,
And man forsook the cave, and sylvan shade.

Thus

Thus poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inspir'd,
Tygers grew mild, and silently admir'd;
Thus walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
And stately Thebes was built by magic song.

Then patriots rose, who tyranny withstood,
And greatly suffer'd, for their country's good;
Here Codrus dies, friend to th' Athenian state,
And brave Timoleon seals his brother's fate:
There Regulus to sure destruction runs,
And Brutus bleeds for Rome, in both his sons.

Then arts were known, and sciences began
To polish and refine the ways of man;
Here blushing grapes the spreading vines adorn,
And fertile fields turn white with waving corn;
In verdant pastures there the cattle stray,
While jovial shepherds chaunt the rural lay.

Here Navigation spreads her swelling sails,
Rides on the waves, and courts the prosp'rous gales;
And Commerce round the globe begins to roll,
And wafts the wealth of India to the Pole.

Then Sculpture first in due proportion shone;
And beauty seem'd to breathe in living stone;
Then mimic Paint deceiv'd the wond'ring eye,
And each bold figure seem'd a stander-by.

Then Architecture heav'd some lofty dome,
The pride of Athens, Babylon, or Rome.

Thus Order first the savage world refin'd,
Reform'd their manners, and improv'd their mind.
Say

Say then, weak man, is happiness thy care?
 Be timely wise, nor trust thyself too far;
 Restrain thy passions, call thy reason in,
 And quell the fierce exulting foe within;
 To Order's standard be thy acts confin'd,
 Let Order rule the sallies of thy mind:
 With strictest care thy lesser world command,
 As moves the greater by the Almighty's hand;
 As shifts no star but by his sov'reign sway,
 So follow thou, as Order points the way;
 From this foundation sure to climb to bliss,
 None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this.

*An ADDRESS to the GOUT, on its first VISIT,
 by a young Country Patient.*

WELCOME!—thou friendly earnest of
 fourscore;
 Promise of wealth—that hast alone the pow'r
 T'attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
 Thou, that dost Esculapius deride,
 And o'er his gallipots in triumph ride;
 Thou, that art us'd t'attend the Royal throne
 And underprop the head that bears the crown;
 Thou, that dost oft in Privy-Council wait,
 And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;
 Thou that upon the Bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the Judges not to tread awry;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd Prelate's toe,
 Emphatically urge the pains below;

Thou,

Thou, that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn doodles solemn pace;
 Thou, that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
 To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
 Thou, that art ne'er from velvet slippers free;
 Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
 Whence does this mighty condescension flow,
 To visit my poor tabernacle?—Oh!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
 At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
 Pleas'd with the spare but hospitable feast,
 Jove bad him ask, and granted his request:
 So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
 Begot on Venus, by the God of Wine)
 My humble suit—and either give me store
 To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more!

APOSTROPHE TO GOOD NATURE.

O! gentlest blessing man can find!
 Sweet soother of the ruffled mind!
 As the soft powers of oil assuage
 Of Ocean's waves the furious rage;
 Lull to repose the boiling tide,
 Whose billows, charm'd to rest, subside;
 Smooth the vext bosom of the deep,
 'Till every trembling motion sleep!—
 Thy soft enchantments thus controul
 The tumult of the troubled soul!

By labour worn, by care oppress'd,
On THEE the weary mind shall rest ;
From business, and distraction free,
Delighted, shall return to THEE :
To THEE the aching heart shall cling,
And find the peace it does not bring.

Ye candidates for Earth's best prize,
Domestic Life's sweet charities !
Oh ! if your erring eye once strays
From smooth Good-nature's level ways ;
If e'er, in evil hour betray'd,
You chuse some vain, fantastic maid,
On such for bliss if you depend,
Without the means you seek the end ;
A pyramid you strive to place.
The point inverted for the base ;
You hope, in spite of Reason's laws,
A consequence without a cause.

And you, bright nymphs, who bless our eyes
With all that skill, that Taste supplies ;
Learn, that accomplishments at best,
Serve but for garnish in Life's feast ;
Yet still with these the polish'd wife
Shou'd deck the feast of human life ;
Wit a poor Standing Dish wou'd prove,
Tho' 'tis an excellent Remove ;
Howe'er your transient guests may praise
Your gay parade on gala days,
Yet know, your husband still will wish,
Good-nature for his Standing Dish.

Still,

Still, in Life's *Fasti*, you presume
Eternal holidays will come;
But, in its highest, happiest lot,
O! let it never be forgot,
Life is not an Olympic game,
Where sports and plays must gain the fame;
Each month is not the month of May,
Nor is each day a holiday.
Tho' wit may gild Life's atmosphere,
When all is lucid, calm, and clear,
In bleak Affliction's dreary hour,
The brightest flash must lose its power;
While Temper, in the darkest skies,
A kindly light and warmth supplies.

Divine GOOD-NATURE! 'tis decreed,
The happiest still thy charm shou'd need.
Sweet Architect! rais'd by thy hands:
Fair Concord's Temple firmly stands:
Tho' Sense, tho' Prudence rear the pile,
Tho' each approving Virtue smile,
Some sudden gust, nor rare the case,
May shake the building to its base,
Unless, to guard against surprises,
On thy firm arch the structure rises.

O D E——To D E A T H.

THOU, whose remorseless rage
Nor vows nor tears assuage,
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise
The bursting notes of dauntless praise!
Methinks on yonder murky cloud
Thou sit'st, in majesty severe;
Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
Thy right arm lifts the insatiate spear!
Such was thy glance, when, erst as o'er the plain
Where Indus rolls his burning sand,
Young Ammon led the victor train,
In glowing lust of fierce command:
As, vain he cried with thundering voice,
“*The World is mine! Rejoice, rejoice!* [nod,
“*The World I've won!*—THOU gav'st the withering
Thy FIAT smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless clod!
“*And art thou great?*——Mankind replies,
With sad assent of mingling sighs!
Sighs that swell the biting gales
Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!
And the red Tropics' whirlwind heat
Is with the sad assent replete!
How fierce yon tyrant's plummy crest!
A blaze of gold illumines his breast;
In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
He madly dares to spurn at Fate!
But—when Night with shadowy robe
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,

In

In his chamber,—sad,—alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,
 And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* HE THINKS
 OF THEE.

Gayly smiles the *Nuptial Bow'r*,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
 While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest extacy of praise.
 Ah! short delusive trance!
 What tho' the festival be there;—
 The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;
 And joy and harmony combine!
Touch but the talisman, and all is thine!
 Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre the Minstrel's hand is cold!
 'Tis THOU canst quench the Eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light!
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
 Bend th' obedient forest low—
 And tame the monsters of the main.
 Such is thy potent reign!
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!
 Yet, art thou still *disdain'd by me*.
 And I have reason for my scorn;—
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;
 The painted pleasures' throng'd resort;
 And all the splendors of the court?

And

And has not *Sorrow* chose to dwell
 Within my hot heart's central cell?
 And are not Hope's weak visions o'er,
 Can Love or rapture reach me more?
 Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee Friend*,
 For in thy calm embrace my weary woes shall end.

VERSES.—*Made at Sea in a Heavy Gale.*

HAPPY the man who, safe on shore,
 Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
 Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,
 That on the tufted groves expire:
 Alas! on us they doubly fall;
 Our feeble bark must bear them all.
 Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
 The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
 Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
 All, all are blest but wretched we—
 For, doom'd a stranger to repose,
 No rest th' unsettled ocean knows,
 While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
 Perhaps whate'er the pilots say,
 We saw the sun's descending gloom,
 No more to see his rising lay,
 But, bury'd low, by far too deep,
 On coral beds unpity'd sleep!
 But what a strange uncoasted strand
 Is that where Death permits no day!

No charts we have to mark that land,
 No compass to direct that way.
 What pilot shall explore that realm?
 What new Columbus take the helm?

While death and darkness both surround,
 And tempests rage with lawless power,
 Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
 No comfort in this dreadful hour—
 What friendship can in tempests be?
 What comforts on this angry sea?

The bark, accustomed to obey,
 No more the trembling pilots guide,
 Alone she gropes her trackless way,
 While mountains burst on every side;
 Thus skill and science both must fall,
 And ruin is the lot of all.

LETTER from MARSEILLES to my Sisters at
 CRUX-EASTON, May 1735.

SCENE, *the Study at Crux-Easton.* Molly and
 Fanny *are sitting at Work*; enter to them Harriot
in a passion.

HARRIOT.

LORD! sister, here's the butcher come,
 And not one word from brother Tom;
 The punctual spark, that made his boast
 He'd write by ev'ry other post!

That

That ever I was so absurd
To take a man upon his word!
Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much
You cou'd expect him to keep touch;
'Tis so, my dear, with all mankind;
When out of sight you're out of mind.
Think you he'd to his sisters write?
Was ever girl so unpolite!
Some fair Italian stands possess'd,
And reigns sole mistress in his breast;
To her he dedicates his time,
And fawns in prose, or sighs in rhyme;
She'll give him tokens of her love,
Perhaps not easy to remove;
Such as will make him large amends
For loss of sisters and of friends.

Cries Harriot, when he comes to France,
I hope in God he'll learn to dance,
And leave his awkward habits there,
I'm sure he has enough to spare.

O cou'd he leave his faults, saith Fanny,
And bring the good alone, if any,
Poor brother Tom, he'd grow so light,
The wind might rob us of him quite!
Of habits he may well get clear;
Ill humours are the faults, I fear,
For in my life I ne'er saw yet
A creature half so passionate.
Good heav'ns! how did he rave and tear,
On my not going you know where;

I scarcely yet have got my dread off:
I thought he'd bite my sister's head off.
'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter
About a fig, a mighty matter!
I cou'd recount a thousand more,
But scandal's what I most abhor.

Molly, who long had patient sat,
And heard in silence all their chat,
Observing how they spoke with rancour,
Took up my cause, for which I thank her.
What eloquence was then display'd,
The charming things that Molly said,
Perhaps it suits not me to tell;
But, faith! she spoke extremely well.
She first, with much ado, put on
A prudish face, then thus begun.

Heyday! quoth she, you let your tongue
Run on most strangely, right or wrong.
'Tis what I never can connive at;
Besides, consider whom you drive at.
A person of establish'd credit,
Nobody better, though I said it,
In all that's good so try'd and known,
Why, girls, he's quite a proverb grown.
His worth no mortal dares dispute:
Then he's your brother too to boot.

At this she made a moment's pause,
Then with a sigh resum'd the cause.
Alas! my dears, you little know
A sailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe;

K

Perhaps

Perhaps this very hour he strays
 A lonely wretch thro' desert ways;
 Or shipwreck'd on a foreign strand,
 He falls beneath some ruffian's hand:
 Or on the naked rock he lies,
 And pinch'd by famine wastes and dies.
 Can you this hated brother see
 Floating, the sport of wind and sea;
 Can you his feeble accents hear,
 Tho' but in thought, nor drop a tear?
 He faintly strives, his hopes are fled,
 The billows booming o'er his head;
 He mounts upon the waves again,
 He calls on us, but calls in vain;
 To death preserves his friendship true,
 And mutters out a kind adieu.
 See, now he rises to our sight,
 Now sinks in everlasting night.

Here Fanny's colour rose and fell,
 And Harriot's throat began to swell;
 One sidled to the window quite,
 Pretending some unusual sight;
 The other left the room outright:
 While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,
 To think how artfully she feign'd.

To a Spendthrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate thy father, by his will,
 Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still.

THE

THE
ART of DANCING.

A P O E M.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady
FANNY FIELDING.

Incessu patuit Dea. VIRG.

C A N T O I.

IN the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene;
To mark th' instructions-echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre;
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due),
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!

Hail loftiest art! thou can'st all hearts insnare,
And make the fairest still appear more fair.

Beauty can little execution do,
Unless she borrows half her arms from you!
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms;

But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,
 When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :
 A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
 May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,
 But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
 The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;
 So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
 Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie ;
 But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
 Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :
 This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
 And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;
 Then, as she turns around, from every part,
 Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;
 In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries
 To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes ;
 For, Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind,
 With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd :
 Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,
 Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace ;
 Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,
 Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now what we admir'd before :

So when Æneas, in the Tyrian grove,
 Fair Venus met, the charming queen of Love,
 The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,
 Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood ;
 But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien
 And graceful step confess'd bright Beauty's queen,
New

New glories o'er her form each moment rise,
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What drestes best become the dancer, say;
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
Whilst the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;
Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy:
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding soal, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fobb enliv'ning spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?

Or

Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
 Should from its filken bandage be unty'd ?
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
 Least snowy clouds from out their hair arise ;
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
 And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd ?
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare ;
 The pointed steel shall oft' their stocking rend,
 And oft' th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair ! I sing to you,
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view :
 For you the silk worms fine-wrought webs display,
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away ;
 For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
 Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow ;
 For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
 And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore ;
 In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,
 Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
 One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;
 One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
 To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine ;
 When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
 And, rich in native beauties, wants not arts :
 In some are such resistless graces found,
 That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;
 Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
 And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes,

Let

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'er-come her own:
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear;

So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts:
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:

So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes:
Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away;
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size;

Of

Of ills I speak by long experience found,
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many
 a wound.

Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays, too straightly lac'd,
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist;
 Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,
 Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
 Oft' will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
 On the approaching button rough with gold;
 Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,
 When once th' intangled gordian knot is ty'd:

So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r
 Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
 The more they strive their freedom to regain,
 The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
 Ever be sure to tye her garter fast,
 Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
 A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,
 Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,
 And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
 She humbles many, some delights to raise)
 It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
 By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame;
 And hence the radiant star and garter blue
 BRITANNIA'S nobles grace, if Fame says true:
 Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,
 Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,

Still

Still thy lost garter is thy sov'reign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride;
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breast, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts?
Its painted folds, that oft' extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame:
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,
From whence this engine took its form and name;
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,
There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,

L

A

A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;
 FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of
 love;

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,
 Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun, now mounted high,
 With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,
 Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,
 To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread
 A blush, that added to their native red,
 And her fair breasts, as polish'd marble white,
 Were half conceal'd and half expos'd to sight;
 ÆOLUS, the mighty god whom winds obey,
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay;
 O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,
 And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight;
 He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,
 But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain.
 The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;
 But still complains, that he who rul'd the air
 Wou'd not command òne Zephyr to repair

Around

Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play
 Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,
 Th' ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame;
 And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

C A N T O II.

NOW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
 The lovely nymphs, and well dress'd youths
 advance;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,
 And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd:
 Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes,
 The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize:

So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
 A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
 Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
 And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
 High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,
 Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light;
 Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,
 Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:
 Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair
 With breathing zephyrs move the circling air,
 The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspiré;
 Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly, [eye.
 While music melts the ear, and beauty charms the

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
 First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:
 * By art directed o'er the foaming tide
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,
 If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty,
 No precepts did it mind; or rules obey,
 But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way;
 Hence, 'ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tofs'd,
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;
 Till ‡ FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,
 And did the dance in characters compose:

Each

* *Arte citæ veloque rates, remoque, moventur,*
Arte leves currus; OVID.

† ——— *Nec audit currus habenas.* VIRG.

‡ FUILLET wrote the *Art of Dancing by characters*
in French, since translated by Weaver.

Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught;
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:
 Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
 And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
 By distant masters shall each step be seen,
 Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
 Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
 An equal right to universal fame,
 And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,
 As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,
 Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,
 To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
 To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms;
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance:
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,
 The Boree and Courante, unpractis'd long,
 Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,
 * That from their native country take their name:
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
 Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.

Each cautious bard, 'ere he attempts to sing,
 First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;

And

* *French dances.*

And if he finds that with uncommon fire
 The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire.
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
 But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
 He then descends to softer elegy;
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,
 In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed:
 So shou'd the dancer, 'ere he tries to move,
 With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove;
 Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart
 Endowments proper for the dancing art,
 If in himself he feels together join'd,
 An active body and ambitious mind,
 In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
 Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance;
 If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
 Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace;
 Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
 And to the country-dance confine his care.

Wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
 To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd;
 All other errors they in vain shall mend,
 Who in this one important point offend;
 For this, when now united hand in hand
 Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
 Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,
 And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:

So, for the race prepar'd, two coursers stand,
 And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,
 Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air;
 Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,
 Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind:
 Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,
 A mien effeminate wou'd I advise;
 With equal scorn I wou'd the fop deride,
 Nor let him dance—but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,
 A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
 Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
 Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round;
 Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,
 Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
 By nature only to advantage dress'd;
 'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,
 That can pretend to please a curious eye;
 Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,
 Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that ev'ry stander by
 No glaring errors in your steps can spy;
 The dance and music must so nicely meet,
 Each note shou'd seem an echo to your feet;
 A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
 Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell;
 Not to be taught, but ever to be seen
 In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mein:
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,
 When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball;

Smooth

Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the minuet oft' repeated o'er,
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand,
Then let the jovial country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :
But, 'ere they come, permit me to disclose
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more !)
When Albion's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,
In some fair-op'ning glade, each summer's night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
The sporting fairies their assemblies held :
Some lightly tripping with their pygmy queen,
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green ;
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,
And music warble thro' the groves around ;
Oft' lonely sheperds by the forest side,
Belated peasants oft' their revels spy'd,
And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil, [high,
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on
And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,
The ruddy maids, and sun burnt swains resort,
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport :

On

On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,
Whose active elbows swelling winds command;
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught at first the country-dance began,
And hence to cities and to courts it ran;
Succeeding ages did in time impart
Various improvements to the lovely art:
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd;
Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds;
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,
And in a cart the strolling actors rode;
Till time at length improv'd the great design,
And bade the scenes with painted landskips shine;
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,
And theatres of Parian marble rose;
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,
And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let every youth prepare
To choose a partner from the mingled fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:

M

Beauty

Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,
 And charms in different forms each different breast;
 A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
 Whilst nut brown cheeks another's bosom fires,
 Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,
 While others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments sway,
 Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
 And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
 Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
 Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
 When she shou'd move, and when she shou'd be still;
 Who uninstructed can perform her share,
 And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
 Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
 Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state,
 With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,
 Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
 And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
 A moving puppet, but without a mind:
 Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
 Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray:
 Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
 And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Rang'd on each side, the well pair'd couples stand!
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight:
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bobbies pull'd above the stays,

Quick

Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare,
The fond impatience of the starting fair.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run ;
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight, they spring.

So, in a wheel with rapid fury tofs'd,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer now no more requires a guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,
The muse's precepts here wou'd uselefs be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free :
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed, he can ne'er offend :
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread :
If others lead, let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,
In hunt-the-squirrel, thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :
Thus in round dances, where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize :
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms,
New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and fages wife,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name,
Of the creation's universal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confusion stray:
Now here, now there, they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly,
Now meet in the same order they begun,
And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'lift find a juster plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' justling crowds we toil and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what;
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part.
Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear.
When you shou'd be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other steps delay:
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,
There rest awhile: there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss.
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,
And her moist palm with eager fingers press;

With

With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus, mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view.
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays;
Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air: }
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist.
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,
Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry snow.
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger
warm,
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer.
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muse.
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpl'd nose.

Thus, thro' each precept of the dancing art,
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part;
Thro'

Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread:
 No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
 But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
 On downy beds the weary dancers lie,
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
 And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,
 Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
 Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
 Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
 As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
 A fiddle rather than a sermon hear;
 So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
 The useful lines of my instructive muse;
 Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
 And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

The GIFT of the GODS.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus among them appear'd as a guest;
 Homer says, the celestials lov'd laughing.

On each, in the synod, the humorist drol'd;

So none could his joking disprove:

He sung songs, reparteed, and some droll stories told,

And at last thus began upon Jove:

‘Sire,

‘Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
‘Grows grievously tired of late;
‘He complains, that mankind are much worse than
‘before.
‘So begs to be eas’d of their weight.’

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl’d,
From his shoulders commanded the ball:
Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas’d with the present, review’d the world
round,

To find what each kingdom was worth:
Like a diamond, the globe with an atmosphere bound,
Then variously planted the earth.

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow’d;
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
What was fit for each clime, on each clime she
bestow’d;

And Freedom, she found, flourish’d here,

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,

As guardians to cherish the root;
The blossoms of Liberty gayly ’gan smile,
And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus fed and thus bred, by a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as pure as ’twas given!

We will while we’ve breath; nay, we’ll grasp it in
death,

Then return it, untainted, to heaven.

AFFECTATION

AFFECTATION OF DELICACY
RIDICULED.

THE *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, 'till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*—that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconick* style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *sees* than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
Piece out th' Idea her faint words deny,
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound:
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
But *chew* she must herself; ah cruel fate!
That *Rosalinda* can't by *proxy* eat.



THE
MAN OF TASTE:

OCCASIONED BY AN
EPISTLE

OF MR POPE'S

ON THAT SUBJECT.

WHOE'ER he be that to a *Taste* aspires,
Let him read this, and be what he desires.
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write
Not what was once but what is now polite.
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure;
But honest men who never were abroad,
Like England only, and its *Taste* applaud.

True *Taste* to me is by this touchstone known,
That's always best that's nearest to my own.
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.
His tragic muse could countesses affright,
Her wit in boxes was my lord's delight.

N

No

No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,
Uncramp'd by wedlock' unpoetic bands.
Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,
So I was tragi-comically got.
My infant tears a sort of measure kept,
I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.
No youth did I in education waste,
Happy in an hereditary *Taste*.
Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my brawny bum.
My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery book.
Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,
Good parts are better than eight parts of speech:
Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,
I thank my stars, that I declin'd 'em all.
To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
I trust to mother wit, and father sense.
Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,
Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my *gout* for criticism such,
I've got some French, and know a little Dutch:
Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,
Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.
Critics indeed are valuable men,
But hyper-critics are as good again.
Tho' Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.

The

The boghouse-miscellany's well design'd,
 To ease the body, and improve the mind.
 Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,
 For he displeases me, that pleases all.
 Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
 Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
 To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,
 Milton's an universal blank to me.
 Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,
 Rhime is the poet's pride, and people's choice.
 Always upheld by national support,
 Of market, university, and court: [reason,
 Thomson, write blank: but know that for that
 These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.
 Rhime binds and beautifies the poet's lays,
 As London ladies owe their thape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,
 He for the Laurel ne'er had had my vote:
 But for his epilogues and other plays,
 He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.
 It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,
 While Cibber wears the bays for playhouse prose.
 So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,
 While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat.

Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publish fears,
 The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.
 How oft has he a public spirit shown,
 And pleas'd our ears regardless of his own!

But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,
Are not his brother-bookfellers the same!
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best, that's most against the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,
And sessions-papers tragedize my stile.
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:
She could with just propriety behave,
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave.
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept?
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept?

T' improve in morals Mandeville I read,
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through
Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?
When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,
Self-murder is an honourable way.
As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.
Burn but that Bible which the Parson quotes,
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.

Young

Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge boast,
With superficial smatterings at most.
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.
I know the town, all houses I have seen,
From High park corner down to Bednal-green.
Sure wretched Wren was taught by building Jones,
To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?
I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.
Nor hate I less thy vile Cathedral, Paul!
The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:
Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,
'Tis Vanburgh's structures that my fancy strike:
Such noble ruins ev'ry pile would make,
I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.
To lofty Chelsea or to Greenwich dome,
Soldiers and sailors all are welcom'd home.
Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,
St James's hospital may serve for kings.
Building so happily I understand,
That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.
Dorick, Ionic, shall not there be found,
But it shall cost me three-score thousand pound.
From out my honest workmen, I'll select
A bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;
First bid him build me a stupendous dome,
Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;
Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,
Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.

I'll

I'll have my villa too, a sweet abode,
Its situation shall be London road :
Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,
Which † Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,
For what is beautiful that is not new ?
Fair four legg'd temples, theatres that vie
With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.
Does it not merit the beholder's praise,
What's high to sink, and what is low to raise ?
Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house stood,
And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.
Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste ;
Expençe and alteration shew a *Taste*.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,
And know their several beauties by their price.
Auctions and sales I constantly attend,
But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.
Originals and copies much the same,
The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,
I buy no statutes that are not obscene.
In spite of Addison and ancient Rome,
Sir Cloudesly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.
How oft have I with admiration stood,
To view some city-magistrate in wood !
I gaze with pleasure on a lord may'r's head,
Cast with propriety in gilded lead.

Oh

† Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

Oh could I view, through London as I pass,
 Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass!
 High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place
 His magisterial paunch and griping face;
 Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,
 And grant the tradesman what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,
 Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.
 But among friends, if I the truth might speak,
 I like the modern, and despise th' antique.
 Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,
 To Lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew;
 'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,
 A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,
 To Bononcini's music I adhere:
 Music has charms to sooth a savage beast,
 And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.
 My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,
 In the harmonious bagpipe's lofty sound.
 Bagpipes for men, shrill German flutes for boys,
 I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.
 The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,
 And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.
 Let Senesino sing what David writ,
 And Hallelujahs charm the pious pit.
 Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,
 And Oratorio was a lucky name.

Thou,

Thou, Heideggre ! the English taste hast found,
 And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.
 In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,
 Call 'em ridottoes, and they'll still go down :
 Go on, prince Phyz ! to please the British nation,
 Call thy next masquerade a *Convocation*.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed,
 And Philosophical Transactions read.
 Next lodge I'll be free-mason ; nothing less,
 Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,
 Fit company for Porters, or for Peers.
 Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,
 But my top talent is a bill of fare.
 Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,
 Pleas'd with frogs fricasse'e'd, and coxcomb-pies.
 Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,
 Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.
 Pigs heads with hair on much my fancy please,
 I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,
 And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.
 No tattling servants to my table come,
 My Grace is Silence, and my waiter Dumb.
 Queer country puts extol Queen Bess's reign,
 And of lost hospitality complain.
 Say thou, that do'st thy father's table praise,
 Was there mahogany in former days ?

Oh!

Oh! could a British Barony be sold?
I would bright honour buy with dazzling gold.
Could I the privilege of peer procure,
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,
And keep my ready-money all for play.
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,
In tossing up for twenty thousand pound.
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,
And stake lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.
But should I meet with an unlucky run,
And at a throw be gloriously undone;
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,
Let all my lawful creditors be curst:
My title would preserve me from arrest,
And seizing hired horses is a jest.
I'd walk the mornings with an oaken stick,
With gloves and hat, like my own footman Dick.
A footman I would be, in outward show,
In sense and education, truly so.
As for my head, it should ambiguous wear
At once a periwig, and its own hair.
My hair I'd powder in the women's way,
And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.
I'll please the maids of honour, if I can;
Without black-velvet breeches, what is man?
I will my skill in button-holes display,
And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.

Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made?
 Or sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade?
 In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.
 Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,
 And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the Di'mond count.
 I would convince the world by tawdry cloaths,
 That belles are less effeminate than beaux,
 And Dr Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine.
 I would caress some stableman of note,
 And imitate his language, and his coat.
 My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.
 In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,
 And sup with Colly Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,
 I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill,
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead:
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,
 I'd turn off Misaubin, and take a nurse.
 How oft, when eminent Physicians fail,
 Do good old women's remedies prevail?
 When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with years,
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.

Of

Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,
And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,
Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst:
Back to your universities, ye fools!

And dangle arguments on strings in schools:
Those schools which universities they call,
'Twere well for England were there none at all.

With ease that loss the nation might sustain,
Supply' by Goodman's Fields and Drury-lane.
Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,

Compar'd to Haymarket, and Covent-garden:
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,
Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees.

Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,
Ye book-learn'd feats! the theatres have more:

Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb,
A singing eunuch gets a larger sum.

Have some of you three hundred by the year,
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand clear,
Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join,

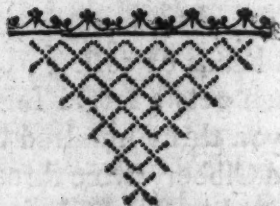
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine:
Thence not one winter's charge would be defray'd,
For playhouse, opera, ball, and masquerade.

Glad I congratulate the judging age,
The players are the world, the world the stage.

I am a politician too, and hate
Of any party, ministers of state:

I'm for an act, that he, who sev'n whole years
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,
To give the laws of *Taste* to human kind.
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,
For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.
'This is true *Taste*, and whoso likes it not,
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.



The FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnacle sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error?—None.

Tho'

Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
 No daughter of celestial mould,
 Her temp'ring not without allay,
 And form'd but of the finer clay,
 We challenge from the mortal dame
 The strength angelic natures claim;
 Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
 That ev'n immortal angels fell.

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
 Of humid earth, and ambient air,
 With varying elements endu'd,
 Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know,
 Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
 The moon repletes her waining face,
 All beauteous, from her late disgrace,
 And suns, that mourn approaching night,
 Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time subdue,
 While nature mints her race anew,
 And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
 To clothe a naked world in green.
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
 Again the gates of life unfold;
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
 Again from every latent root
 The bladed stem and tendril shoot,

Exhaling

Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone?——Is this
What we demand of woman?——Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possels'd,
The dragon Honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls—to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies——no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground,
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,

An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect, as repose;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
 Confess'd the honours of their line;
 But in a little daughter fair,
 Was center'd more than half their care;
 For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
 Gave signs of future joy to earth;
 White was the robe this infant wore,
 And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
 (A flow'r just opening to the view)
 Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And nature yearly took delight,
 Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen,
 Her parents up the mountain's head,
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
 And thus the fears of age express'd:

O! joyful cause of many a care!
 O! daughter too divinely fair!

Yon

Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view
Which Virtue, and her sons pursue;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with chearful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;

P

Then

Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
 And smooth the rugged path appears;
 For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
 And near the bright, celestial shore,
 A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
 Appears, of either world the bound,
 Through darkness leading up to light;
 Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
 For there the transitory train,
 Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
 And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
 Man's late associates, cannot pass,
 But sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
 And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
 Lightly she wings her obvious way,
 And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
 Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
 To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
 For present earth, a future heav'n;
 For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
 And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
 Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
 Wide on the left the path-way bends,
 And with pernicious ease descends;
 There, sweet to sense, and fair to shew,
 New-planted Edens seem to blow,

Trees,

Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own ;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise ;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare ;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone ;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,

A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd,
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, hand-maid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where-e'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises blest;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as, to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
'The cheek with secret flushing dies;
And looks kind things from chaste eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,

And

And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below ;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the blest'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung :

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste,
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told ;
'Taste what extasies they give,
Dying raptures taste and live.

In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,

Soft

Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
 Fierce delights, that rise to anguish ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty come away.

Lift not, when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry and pride,
 Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
 April's sunshine is offence ;
 Age and envy will advise
 Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
 Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 With enjoyment past the painting ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O ! for that preventing chain,
 That bound Ulysses on the main,
 That so our Fair One might withstand
 The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity, with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And, like fore-running fancy, fleet ;
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
 To novelty she still aspir'd,

Tasteless

Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mein, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to fight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.

As erst Medusa's looks were known

To turn beholders into stone,

A dire reversion here they felt,

And in the eye of Pleasure melt.

Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,

Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;

No safety ev'n the flying find,

Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,

While distant, more than half betray'd.

With smiles, and adulation bland,

They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;

Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,

Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;

While half consenting, half denying,

Reluctant now, and now complying,

Amidst a war of hopes and fears,

Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,

Still down, and down, the winning pair

Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound

To blest Arabia's distant ground,

Borne

Borne from her courses, haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
 The pilot warns, with sail and oar
 To shun the much-suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
 And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
 And Heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
 Along the devious, smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increasing as they went,
 The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost, the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there;
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
 May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd?
 Till then, with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;
 Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
 But o'er her failing cast a veil,
 Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.

And

And now, from all-enquiring light,
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The Damsel, from a short repose,
 Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
 Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
 And steal his hoard of joys away;
 He, borne where golden Indus streams,
 Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
 Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
 And stands all rapt amidst his store;
 But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
 Of that, for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
 And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
 Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
 These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
 Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
 Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
 Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
 And told the tidings to the sky;
 Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
 A side-long viper to her heart;
 Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
 And soil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace;

Q

Officious

Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
 While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
 Approach'd to whiten at her side.
 And ev'ry lewd, insulting dame
 Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
 To gain the late-deserted shore?
 So trusting, back the Mourner flew,
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
 Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
 But echo gathers in the wind,
 And shews her instant foes behind.
 Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
 Where late she left an host of friends;
 Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
 Nor longer own that form divine,
 With fear they mark the following cry,
 And from the lonely Trembler fly,
 Or backward drive her on the coast,
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
 From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
 To Heav'n, not daring to complain,
 No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
 And from the face of friendship driv'n,
 The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky.
 Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,

All radiant fate, as in a shrine,
 Virtue, first effluence divine;
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
 Superior goddess, essence bright,
 Beauty of uncreated light,
 Whom should mortality survey,
 As doom'd upon a certain day,
 The breath of frailty must expire,
 The world dissolve in living fire,
 The gems of heav'n, and solar flame
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
 And nature, quickening in her eye,
 To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
 A veil around her form she threw,
 Which three sad sisters of the shade,
 Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
 Attentive from her station high,
 Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
 The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
 And with a voice, whose awful sound
 Appal'd the guilty world around,
 Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
 To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
 Uncurl'd the furling of the main,
 And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
 The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
 And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Q 2

Lovely

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies,
Come, thy sister angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
"Twixt the good and evil try'd.
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles——vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way.
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand,

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,

Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

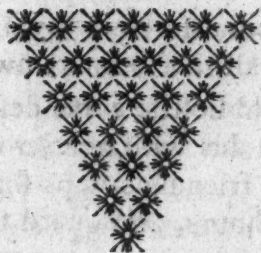
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.



DESCRIPTION of a PARISH POOR HOUSE. — VISIT
from the APOTHECARY. — CLERGYMAN. —
The POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

THEIR's is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door;

There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forfaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd-below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure ;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die ?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between ;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;

He

He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye;
 A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door:
 His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts arise,
 Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise;
 Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
 His title certain to the joys above;
 For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
 The holy stranger to these dismal walls;
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
 Ah! no, a shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds this little flock;
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask;
 The rest he gives to love, and labours light,
 To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;

R

None

None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel?

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
The bier moves winding from the vale below;
There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
And the glad parish pays the frugal fee;
No more, oh! Death, thy victim starts to hear
Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer;
No more the farmer gets his humble bow,
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou!

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games suspend,
To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
For he was one in all their idle sport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relicks of the parish poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound;

The

The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
 And waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

APOLOGY FOR VAGRANTS.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
 Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
 Known to no human love, no human care,
 The friendless, homeless object of despair;
 For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
 Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
 Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
 Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
 Believe with social mercy, and with me,
 Folly's misfortune in the first degree.

Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
 The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
 Who, then, no more by golden prospects led,
 Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
 Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourn'd her foldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

* ————— *

The INCURIOUS. A TALE.

A Virtuoso had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree;
He had a servant much of *Æsop's* kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
Humpus, says he, I order that you find
Out such a man, with such a character,
He, in this paper now I give you here,
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
For I will break your back, and set you strait.
Bring him to dinner. *Humpus* soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view,
At *Covent-Garden* dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, who is't will go any where?
Says *Humpus*, Sir, my master bad me pray
Your company to dine with him to-day.
He snuffs; then follows, up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
'Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.

The

The master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet
 "Pray have a cushion underneath your feet.
 Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care?
 I see he has eleven more to spare.
 Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.
 This is not very usual thinks the clown,
 But is not all the family his own?
 And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
 Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 If from his table she discarded be,
 What need I care, there is the more for me.
 After a while the daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command. }
 Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand. }
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
 And starve himself to see the booby dine.
 He does't. The father asks, what have you there?
 How dare you give a stranger vinegar?
 Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him; Sir, indeed!
 Take him and scourge him 'till the rascal bleed;
 Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try
 If cat and nine tails can excuse a lye.
 Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe:
 But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
 He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 And how know I but't may be for his good?
 When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault,
 They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus

Humpus was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he
 Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
 I'll take care she shall no more poison give,
 I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting she should live;
 Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
 And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by.
 Then smiling, says the clown, upon my life,
 A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
 And since that really is your design,
 Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.

The THREE WARNINGS. A TALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground;
 'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
 That love of life increas'd with years
 So much, that in our latter stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.
 This great affection to believe,
 Which all confess, but few believe,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom
 With him into another room;
 And looking grave, 'You must,' says he,
 'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'—

'With

‘ With you ! and quit my Susan’s side !
‘ With you !’ the hapless husband cry’d :
‘ Young as I am ! ’Tis monstrous hard !
‘ Besides, in truth, I’m not prepar’d :
‘ My thoughts on other matters go,
‘ This is my wedding-night, you know.’

What more he urg’d I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger ?

So Death the poor delinquent spar’d,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,

His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,

‘ Neighbour,’ he said, ‘ farewell ; no more

‘ Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour :

‘ And farther, to avoid all blame

‘ Of cruelty upon my name,

‘ To give you time for preparation,

‘ And fit you for your future station,

‘ Three several Warnings you shall have,

‘ Before you’re summon’d to the grave :

‘ Willing for once I’ll quit my prey,

‘ And grant a kind reprieve ;

‘ In hopes you’ll have no more to say,

‘ But when I call again this way,

‘ Well pleas’d the world will leave.’

To these conditions both consented,

And parted perfectly contented.—

What next the hero of our tale besel,

How long he liv’d, how wise, how well,

How

How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smoak'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He pass'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along Life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he fate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half kill'd with anger and surprize,
' So soon return'd !' old Dobson cries.
' So soon, d'ye call it !' Death replies;
' Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !
' Since I was here before
' 'Tis fix-and-thirty years, at least,
' And you are now fourscore.
' So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd;
' To spare the aged would be kind :
' However, see your search be legal;
' And your authority—is't regal?

‘ Else

- ‘ Else you are come on a fool’s errand,
‘ With but a Secretary’s warrant.
‘ Besides, you promis’d me Three Warnings,
‘ Which I have look’d for nights and mornings!
‘ But for that loss of time and ease,
‘ I can recover damages.’
‘ I know,’ cries Death, ‘ that, at the best,
‘ I seldom am a welcome guest;
‘ But don’t be captious, friend, at least :
‘ I little thought you’d still be able
‘ To stump about your farm and stable ;
‘ Your years have run to a great length ;
‘ I wish you joy, tho’, of your strength !’
‘ Hold,’ says the farmer, ‘ not so fast,
‘ I have been lame these four years past.’
‘ And no great wonder,’ Death replies ;
‘ However, you still keep your eyes ;
‘ And sure, to see one’s loves and friends,
‘ For legs and arms would make amends.’
‘ Perhaps,’ says Dobson, ‘ so it might,
‘ But latterly I’ve lost my sight.’
‘ This is a shocking story, faith ;
‘ Yet there’s some comfort still,’ says Death :
‘ Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
‘ I warrant you hear all the news.’
‘ There’s none,’ cries he ; ‘ and if there were,
‘ I’m grown so deaf, I could not hear.’
‘ Nay, then !’ the spectre stern rejoin’d,
‘ These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
‘ If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
‘ You’ve had your Three sufficient Warnings.

' So come along, no more we'll part :
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;
 And now, old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

The PEASANT and his ASS.—A TALE.

AS on the road a peasant drove his ass,
 He spy'd a meadow rich in grass ;
 And tho' he had no right to do it,
 He dar'd the pound, and turn'd the beast into it.

The jack-ass charm'd at such a treat,
 With choice to crop, and time to eat,
 Graz'd here and there the field all over ;
 Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and tofs't his head,
 And in the thick on't made his bed,
 Like one that's nurs'd in clover.

Amidst this jubilee the foe appears ;
 The clown cries out, Haste, haste away !
 At which our ass prick'd up his ears,
 And bray'd, No, friend, I choose to stay :
 Will those folks load a double pack
 Upon my back ?

Why, no :—then what is it to me,
 If I belong to them or thee ?
 You may by flight your freedom save
 If you disdain to be a slave :

For me, it is no new disaster ;
 Nor do I know

The thing that I can call my foe,
 Except my master.



THE
COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, Esq;

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.*

GRAY.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
No mercenary Bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The *lowly train* in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A**** in a *Cottage* would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I
ween!

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh;
'The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
'The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:

The toil-worn COTTER frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
 Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks* and his *boes*,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, stacher through
 To meet their *Dad*, wi' slichterin noise and glee.
 His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wife's* smile,
 The *lispin* infant, prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary *kiaugh* and care beguile,
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
 Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
 At *Service* out, among the Farmers roun';
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town:
 Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposit her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardship be.
 With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
 The *Parents* partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
 The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,

Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new ;
 The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.
 Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
 The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey ;
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
 ' And O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !
 ' And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night !
 ' Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 ' Implore his *counsel* and assisting *might* :
 ' They never fought in vain that fought the LORD
 ' aright.'

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily Mother sees the *conscious flame*
 Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
 With heart-struck, anxious care inquires his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worth-
 less *Rake*.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A *strappan youth* ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
 Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit's* no ill taen ;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
 The *Youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy

What

What makes the *youth* fae bashfu' and fae grave;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected like
the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! blifs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage EXPERIENCE bids me this declare—
' If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
' One *cordial* in this melancholy *Vale*,
' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, *modest* Pair,
' In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd art! dissembling smooth!
Are *Honor, Virtue, Conscience*, all exil'd?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child?
Then paints the *ruin'd Maid*, and *their* distraction
wild!

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA's food:
The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The *Dame* brings forth, in complimentary mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;

The

The frugal *Wife*, garrulous, will tell,
How 'was a towmond auld, sin Lint was i' the bell.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;

The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:

His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,

His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care;
'*And let us worship GOD !*' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;

They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest aim:

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,

Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;

Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,

The sweetest far of SCOTIA's holy lays:

Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame;

The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;

Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR's praise.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,

How *Abram* was the Friend of GOD on high;

Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,

With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal *Bard* did groaning lye,

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;

Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire;

Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre*.

Perhaps

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
 How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed;
 How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
 How His first *followers* and *servants* sped;
 The *Precepts sage* they wrote to many a land:
 How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
 And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by
 Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN's ETERNAL
 KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays:
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'*
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:

There, ever bask in *uncreated rays*,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their CREATOR's praise,
 In *such society*, yet still more-dear;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
 The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart.

May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*;
 And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

Then

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling *Cottagers* retire to rest :
The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That HE who stills the *raven's* clam'rous nest,
And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way *His Wisdom* sees the best,
For *them* and for their *little ones* provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.
From scenes like these, old SCOTIA's grandeur
springs,

That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

' An honest man's the noble work of GOD :'
And *certainly*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind :
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O SCOTIA ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to hevaen is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of *rustic toil*, [tent !

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet con-
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vile !

Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,

A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while, [ISLE.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd

O THOU ! who pour'd the *Patriotic tide*, [heart ;
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE'

T

Who

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part :
 (The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
 His *friend, inspirer, guardian and reward !*)
 O never, never SCOTIA's realm desert,
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her *Ornament and Guard !*



TO

A M O U S E,

*On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough,
 November, 1785.*

WEE, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous *beastie*,
 O, what a panic's in thy *breastie* !
 'Thou need na start away sae haasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chafe thee,
 Wi' murd'ring *pattle* !

I'm truly forry Man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may *thieve* ;
 What then ; poor beastie, thou maun live !

A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*

'S a sma' request :

I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,

An' never mis's't !

Thy wee-bit *housie*, too, in ruin !

It's filly wa's the win's are strewin !

An' naething, now, to big a new ane,

O' foggage green !

An' bleak *December's winds* ensuin,

Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,

An' weary *Winter* comin fast,

An' cozie here, beneath the blast,

Thou thought to dwell,

Till crash ! the cruel *caulter* past

Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,

Has cost thee monie a weary nibble !

Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,

But house or hald,

To thole the *Winter's sleety dribble*,

An' *cranreuch* cauld !

But *Mousie*, thou art no thy-lane,

In proving *foresight* may be vain :

The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,

Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,

For promis'd joy !

Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
 High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
 Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all foil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent *Lore*,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,

By

By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To Mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but HEAV'N,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine——no distant date ;
 Stern Ruin's *plough-share*, drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

*The VICAR of WELLAND's Mounmental Inscription
 wrote by himself.*

A Vicar I am, and a Pluralist too,
 At Welland, the place of my birth ;
 But Vicars and Pluralists too, we all know,
 Must one day return to the earth.

This stone will record that at Kempsey I lived,
 Collecting my dues ev'ry Easter ;
 It will tell that most happily twice I was wiv'd
 To a Hyde first, then to a Hester.

Of the hour of his death no priest is aware,
 Which accounts for some blanks in this page ;
 My virtues I leave to the world to declare ;
 To my heirs to insert my just age.

When I prostrate shall lie, what a pleasure 'twill be
 To know I shall meet either bride ;
 For tho' living they both were delightful to me,
 I never had two by my side.

THE

S P O R T S M A N :

OF T when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
Th' expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man ;
Swift from the college, and from cares I flew,
(For studious cares solicits something new)
From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
And letter'd trophies of three thousand years ;
Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
The fatal tube depending at my side ;
No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
No ratling carriage drive me to the wall ;
The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
In silence frown like mansions of the dead——
Save, where the footy-shrowded wretch cries 'sweep,'
Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame——
Save, that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
With tott'ring steps comes reeling to and fro——
Mark, how the live-long revels of the night
Stare in his face, and stupify his sight !

Mark

Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !
Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent borne,
Seek the fair fields, and court the blushing morn ;
With sturdy sinews, brush the frozen snow,
While crimson colours on our faces glow,
Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
And vindicate the ways of health to man.

Onward our course diversify'd we bend,
And right and left, with anxious care attend ;
The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows,
Sudden he stops !—he eyes the flashy spring !
The frightened snipe darts upward on the wing,
With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
In vain ! for death e'en persecutes him there—
Another springs ! but happier in his flight,
'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun.
Heav'n ! what delights my active mind renew,
When out-spread nature opens to my view,
The carpet-cover'd earth of spangled white,
The vaulted sky, just ting'd with purple light ;
The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way ;
The morning breeze in milder air retires,
And rising rapture all my bosom fires.

While

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
The wary woodcock rustles thro' the brakes,
With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
'Till death pursues him, arm'd with double force;
Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim;
'Till chance decides the long contested spoil,
Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate, immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores, that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side—
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah! what avails him now the varnish'd die,
The tortoise-colour'd back, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill, that steer'd his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea;
To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted, and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws, and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate;
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence, and retreats secure,
Sudden! he sees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand, and ruin in his eye—
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
'Till arrow-pierc'd, he falls—he faints—he dies,

U

Unhappy

Unhappy man! who no extreme could shun,
 By tyrants banish'd, and by chance undone;
 In vain! fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
 Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

These to prevent, be still the statesman's end,
 And this the task of sovereigns to attend,
 Be mine the care, to range this ample field,
 Try what its springs, and what its thickets yield,
 Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
 And purge the Æther with successive fire,
 Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
 And rouse my friend that ling'ring stays behind,
 Guard the steep bank, to catch with eager pains
 The forward bound, that scarce the margin gains;
 Or loudly laugh, when diligently nice,
 He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

And thou, dear spaniel! friend in other form!
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
 Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;
 And thou, dear pointer! never devious stray,
 But search the plains inquisitively gay,
 With length'ned side, and sapient nose inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale—
 Oft have I seen thee, when the balanc'd year
 By Libra weigh'd rewarded Ceres' care,
 Thro' new-shorn fields with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
 With keenest attitude, the tim'rous prey;

Then

Then statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
The patridge near, and certify the game——
Where ere I range, whatever sports pursue,
Be still attendant, and be still in view.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the west,
Demands a thought for respite and for rest,
Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
Where vary'd beauties all in prospect lie;
The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
The splendid domes that emulously rise.

These to behold, may please the vacant mind,
More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd;
Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd;
The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests,
Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care;
The milky store for cream collected first,
Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst;
While crackling faggots bright'ning as they burn;
Shew the neat cupboard, and the cleanly churn;
The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lamkin dear, that frisks about the house——
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal;

Call'd she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the die, which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo ! forward comes the father of his flock,
Of honest front :—salutes with rustick gait,
Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
'Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see :
Yet thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
He seeks from labour, and he gains from health :
'Then talks of sport ; how many wild-ducks seen !
What flocks of widgeons too had fledg'd the green.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot ;
A small gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a blessing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye proud ! disdain their state to hear,
The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer ;
Transmitted pure from Patriarchal times,
By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes—
To you unknown their labours and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace ;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives calm current flows without a name.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy gray,
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day,

A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And scarce distinct the distant town appears —
Back to our mind, in swift succession throng
(To cheat the time and steal the road along)
The various sports of all the summer past,
When ling'ring long-vacation came at last;
Imagination fondly sports to tell,
How many grouse, how many partridge fell.

The rising moon, with delegated sway,
Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
Reveals the various objects that we meet,
And all the busy tumults of the street —
With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
And bloody news from lungs horrific pours
The dull, discordant ballad-notes annoy,
That mock the crowd, with love's fantastic joy;
The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp that shews,
Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose;
While close behind, the shiv'ring female strays,
Parted from virtue, innocence and ease —
She once the darling of her mother's arms,
Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
'Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name;
'Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit;
There perish'd grace, her guardian honor fled,
And sad remembrance mourns each blessing — dead!
Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
She wanders now to ev'ry vice a prey —

A prey to yonder terror of the night,
 (Avert, ye Gods! such monsters from my sight!)
 The bully dire: whose front the furies swell,
 And scars dishonest mark the son of hell——
 In vain! she shrinks to shun his luckless pace,
 Aw'd by the terrors of his vengeful face;

Heav'n! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
 Where rural mirth, and rural manners reign;
 Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
 And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health.

A Sketch of EDWIN, from the MINSTREL.

AND yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he headed not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
 And now his look was most demurely sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet blest'd the lad:
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd
 him mad.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

THE
HISTORY of PORSENNA,
KING OF RUSSIA.
IN TWO BOOKS.

————— *Arva, beata*
Petamus arva divites et insulas.

HOR. Epod. 16.

B O O K I.

IN Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Inlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;
To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown,
The dear delight, and glory of his own.
Not like those kings who vainly seek renown
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
Call murder but a princely exercise,

And

And if one bloodless fun should steal away,
Cry out with Titus, they have lost a day;
Who, to be more than men, themselves debase
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,
Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;
On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.
Far diff'rent praises, and a brighter fame,
The virtues of the young Porsenna claim;
For by that name the Russian king was known,
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.
In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,
And fought the thickest dangers of the field.
A bold commander; but, the storm o'erblown,
He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;
Then was the golden age again restor'd,
Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.
All needless pomp and outward grandeur spar'd,
The deeds that grac'd him were his only guard;
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;
His and the public int'rest were the same.
In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,
But virtue is the king's prerogative;
Porsenna there without a rival stood,
And wou'd maintain his right of doing good.
Nor did his person less attraction wear,
Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;
Heav'n with uncommon art the clay refin'd,
A proper mansion for so fair a mind;

Each

Each look, each action bore peculiar grace,
And love itself was painted on his face.
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,
And lost to glory loiter'd life away;
But active rising ere the prime of day,
Thro' woods and lonely deserts lov'd to stray;
With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,
Or rouse the tawny lion from his lair;
To rid the forest of the savage brood,
And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day as he pursu'd the dang'rous sport,
Attended by the nobles of his court,
It chanc'd a beast of more than common speed
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the desert fled.
The ardent Prince, impetuous as the wind,
Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind.
Fir'd with the chase, and full of youthful blood,
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day
How wasted, nor how intricate the way;
Nor, till the night in dusky clouds came on,
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.
Missing his train, he strove to measure back
The road he came, but could not find the track;
Still turning to the place he left before,
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.
The bugle-horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;

In vain, no voice but echo from the ground,
And vocal woods, made mock'ry of the sound.

And now the gath'ring clonds began to spread
O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade ;
And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war ;
Silence a while ensu'd, — then by degrees
A hollow wind came mutt'ring thro' the trees.
Sudden the full-fraught sky discharg'd its store,
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled show'r ;
The active light'ning ran along the ground ; }
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around, }
And the wide forests trembled at the sound. }
Amazement seiz'd the prince ; — where could he fly ?
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh,
Pensive and unresolv'd a while he stood,
Beneath the scanty covert of the wood ;
But, drove from thence, soon sally'd forth again,
As chance directed on the dreary plain ;
Constrain'd his melancholy way to take
Thro' many a loathsome bog and thorny brake, }
Caught in the thicket, flound'ring in the lake. }
Wet with the storm, and weary'd with the way,
By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey ;
Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,
Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return.
Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair
He bade it pass, not worth his farther care ;
When

When suddenly he spy'd a distant light,
That faintly twinkl'd thro' the gloom of night,
And his heart leap'd for joy, and blest'd the wel-
come fight.

Of-times he doubted, it appear'd so far,
And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,
Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the sky,
But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye ;
Till, much fatigue and many dangers past,
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.

There lighting from his horse, on hands and knees
Grop'd out the darksome road by slow degrees,
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way ;
The thunder roars above, the flames around him play.
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.
And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet,
And weigh the perils he had still to meet ;
Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes
With caution round him, to prevent surprise,
Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,
And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind ;
Resolv'd to push his way whate'er withstood,
Or perish bravely as a monarch shou'd.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,
And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood ;
But more deform'd than dreams can represent
The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint.

The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;
Her shrivel'd skin, with yellow spots besmear'd,
Like mouldy records seem'd; her eyes were blear'd;
Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook;
Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,
And propp'd upon her crutch came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,
Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,
And, till Aurora shou'd the shades expel,
Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.
Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,
And as she spake a deadly horror ran
Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,
Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.
Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude
Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,
And without licence in our court appear,
Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.
But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought
More by thy fortune than thy own default;
Thy crime, tho' great, an easy pardon finds,
For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;
And wou'd you learn from whose indulgent hand
You live, and in whose awful presence stand,
Know farther, thro' yon wide-extended plains
Great Eolus the king of tempests reigns,

And

And in this lofty palace makes abode,
Well suited to his state, and worthy of the god.
The various elements his empire own,
And pay their humble homage at his throne;
And hither all the storms and clouds resort,
Proud to increase the splendor of his court.
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race
Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!
She scarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,
And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour
Around the cave; came rushing in amain
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;
And close behind them on a whirlwind rode
In clouded majesty the blust'ring god.
Their locks a thousand ways were blown about;
Their cheeks like full-blown bladders strutted out;
Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;
And, when they kindly turn'd them to accost
The prince, they almost pierc'd him with their frost.

The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,
And at the close of ev'ry tale cried — Good!
Blessing with outstretch'd arms each darling son,
In due proportion to the mischief done.
And where, said she, does little Zephyr stray?
Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day?
In what bold deeds does he his hours employ;
Grant Heav'n no evil has befall'n my boy!
Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.
Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern-door

Came

Came lightly tripping in a form more fair
Than the young poet's fond ideas are,
When fir'd with love, he tries his utmost art
To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A fatin vest his slender shape confin'd,
Embroider'd o'er with flow'rs of ev'ry kind,
Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove
To win the little wand'rer to her love.
Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;
A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
His wings than lilies whiter to behold,
Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;
So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.
Around his temples with becoming air,
In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
And o'er his shoulders negligently spread;
A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.

Such his attire; but O! no pen can trace,
No words can shew the beauties of his face;
So kind! so winning! so divinely fair!
Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there;
There all the little loves and graces meet, [sweet
And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's

Thou vagrant, cried the dame in angry tone,
Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone?
Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest,
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast.

Well

Well do you show your duty by your haste,
 For thou of all my sons art always last :
 A child less-fondled would have fled more fast.
 Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,
 Where best they love, the least and worst return.

My dear mamma, the gentle youth replied,
 And made a low obeisance, cease to chide,
 Nor wound me with your words, for well you know,
 Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe ;
 How great must be his sorrow then to learn,
 That he himself's the cause of your concern !
 Nor had I loiter'd thus had I been free ;
 But the fair princess of Felicity
 Entreated me to make some short delay ;
 And, ask'd by her, who cou'd refuse to stay ?

Surrounded by the damsels of her court,
 She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort ;
 Fresh rose the grass, the flow'rs were mix'd between,
 Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green,
 And in the midst, protected by the shade,
 A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd ;
 While on its banks, the trembling leaves among,
 A thousand little birds in concert sung,
 Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,
 On a cool mossy couch she laid her down ;
 Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please ;
 Her head, upon her snowy arm at ease
 Reclin'd, a studied carelessness express'd ;
 Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.
 Eager I flew to that delightful place,
 And pour'd a show'r of kisses on her face ;

Now

Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,
Like bees o'er flow'rs, and tasted all their charms;
And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,
And fann'd, and wanton'd round on ev'ry side.
O Zephyr, cried the fair, thou charming boy,
Thy presence only can create me joy;
To me thou art beyond expression dear,
Nor can I quit the place while thou art here.
Excuse my weakness, Madam, when I swear
Such gentle words join'd with so soft an air,
Pronounc'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,
Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know
How long I staid, or when, or where to go.

Meanwhile the damsels, debonnair and gay,
Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:
These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,
And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heav'n to hear;
And those in rings, beneath the greenwood shade,
Danc'd to the melody their fellows made.
Some, studious of themselves, employ'd their care
In weaving flow'ry wreaths to deck their hair;
While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd
Refreshing show'rs, and cheer'd its drooping head.
A joy so gen'ral spread thro' all the place,
Such satisfaction dwelt on ev'ry face,
The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,
That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.

Porfenna, like a statue fix'd appear'd,
And wrapp'd in silent wonder gaz'd and heard;
Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,
And dwelt on ev'ry word, and griev'd to find it o'er.

O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell,
In what fair country does this princess dwell?
What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?

To whom the winged god with gracious look,
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,
Thus answer'd kind—These happy gardens lie
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;
Their name—the kingdom of Felicity.
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;
Tho' in the search all human kind in vain
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain:
In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,
As reason guides them, or as follies lead;
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,
Debating those, if such a place there be;
But not the wisest, nor the best can say
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.
Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her sport,
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port;
In thought already seiz'd the bless'd abodes,
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,
Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death;
Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains her post, [coast.
And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the
These on the helpless bark their fury pour,
Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore;

Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,
And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.

But say, young monarch, for what name you bear
Your mein, your dress, your person, all declare;
And tho' I seldom fan the frozen north,
Yet I have heard of brave Porsenna's worth;
My brother Boreas thro' the world has flown,
Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown;
Say, would you chuse to visit this retreat,
And view the world where all these wonders meet?
Wish you some friend o'er that tempestuous sea
To bear you safe! behold that friend in me.
My active wings shall all their force employ,
And nimbly waft you to th' realms of joy;
As once to gratify the god of Love,
I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove,
Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,
Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.
There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share,
'Scap'd from the busy world, and all its care;
There in the lovely princess shalt thou find
A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.
All ecstasy on fair Porsenna trod,
And to his bosom strain'd the little god;
With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,
And in the warmest words millions of thanks bestow'd.

When Eolus in surly humour broke
Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke.
Enough of compliment; I hate the sport
Of meanless words; this is no human court,

Where

Where plain and honest are discarded quite
 For the more modish title of *polite*,
 Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart
 The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;
 In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,
 And kindly kill with specious shew of love.
 For us——my subjects are not us'd to wait,
 And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate;
 They must abroad before the rising sun,
 And hie 'em to the seas; there's mischief to be done.
 Excuse my plainness, Sir, but business stands,
 And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.

He ended frowning, and the noisy rout,
 Each to his several cell went puffing out,
 But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,
 To his own bow'r convey'd the royal guest;
 There on a bed of roses neatly laid,
 Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,
 His limbs to needful rest the prince applied,
 His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.

B O O K II.

NO sooner in her silver chariot rose
 The ruddy morn, than fated with repose,
 The prince address'd his host; the god awoke,
 And, leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke.
 'This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,
 Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.

Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,
Hate the slow night, and mourn the moment lost.
'The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair
'That crowd the princess' court, demands my care;
Ev'n now, with fears and jealousies o'erborne,
Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forsworn.
What sweet rewards on all my toils attend,
Serving at once my mistress and my friend;
Just to my love, and to my duty too,
Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.
This said, he led him to the cavern gate,
And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;
Then balancing his body here and there,
Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;
Swift as the fiery meteor from on high
Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky.
Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;
There glide at ease along the liquid way;
Now lightly skim the plain with even flight;
Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate
Sports with the sufferings of the good and great,
Spare not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer
Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;
That he, so tried in arms, whose very name
Infus'd a secret panic where it came,
Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,
And spied the mountains less'ning to the view,
Naught round him but the wide-expanded air,
Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,

Struck

Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,
Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.

The friendly god, who instantly divin'd
The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,
To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,
Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;
The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,
Their arms in war, their government in peace;
Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,
What int'rest they pursu'd, what leagues they made.
The sweet discourse so charm'd Porcienna's ear,
That lost in joy he had no time to fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,
O'er wide Germania's various realms they pass,
And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,
And hover for a while, and bless the soil.
O'er the gay scene the Prince delighted hung,
And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;
Till bursting forth at length: Behold, cried he,
The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;
Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills, declare
My queen, my charmer, must inhabit there.
'Thus rav'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,
Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied.

I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;
Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,
And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.
The slow-ascending hill, the lofty wood
That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood
Wand'ring in mazes thro' the flow'ry mead,
The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,
And

And ev'ry object, ev'ry scene excites
Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights:
Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Ease,
And Art with Nature seems at strife to please.
There Liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,
Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;
There firmly seated may she ever smile,
And show'r her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle!
But see, the rising sun reproves our stay,
He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way,
Stretching his course to climates then unknown,
Nations that swelter in the burning zone;
There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,
And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade;
Then swift his pinions plied again,
Cross'd the new world, and sought the southern main;
Where many a wet and weary league o'erpass,
The wish'd for paradise appear'd at last.

With force abated now they gently sweep
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep;
The dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam before,
While soft Favonius their arrival greets,
And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health consuming care,
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge can enter there;
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky;
No tempests rage, no angry light'nings fly;
But dews, and soft-refreshing airs are found,
And pure ethereal azure shines around.

Whate'er

Whate'er the sweet Sabæan soil can boast,
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast;
What Hybla's hills, or rich Oebalia's fields,
Or flow'ry vale of fam'd Hymettus yields;
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grac'd;
All that was e'er delicious to the taste,
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,
Collected there with added beauty grew.
High-tow'ring to the heav'ns the trees are seen,
Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green;
So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done,
But where by fits the sportive gales divide
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.
Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread
The matted grass, by bubbling fountains fed;
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.
The painted flow'rs exhale a rich perfume,
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom,
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,
Lead on the merry months, and join to clothe the year.
Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summit pour'd,
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,
While beauteous Iris in the vale below
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.
Now thro' the meads the mazy current stray'd,
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade;
Or in a thousand veins divides its store,
Visits each plant, refreshes ev'ry flow'r;

O'er

O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,
And sweetly soothes the soul, and lulls to soft repose.

If hunger call, no sooner can the mind
Express her will to needful food inclin'd,
But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,
The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid,
And instantly convey'd by magic hand,
In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.
A troop of sprightly nymphs, array'd in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in;
With fragrant blossoms these adorn the feast,
Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.
Others in ruby cups with roses bound
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round;
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay;
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play,
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair;
For various use employ their chymic pow'r;
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r;
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some * steeve the honey, some erect the comb;
All for the gen'ral good in concert strive,
And ev'ry soul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

And

* Or stive, stipant.

And now descending from his flight, the god
 On the green turf releas'd his precious load;
 There, after mutual salutations past,
 And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;
 Zephyr impatient to behold his love,
 The prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove;
 Now skipping on, and singing as he went,
 Now stopping short to give his transports vent;
 With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,
 Or stands entranc'd, or raves like one possess'd;
 His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite
 O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;
 From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,
 Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,
 Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours
 The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bow'rs;
 New sweets, new joys at ev'ry glance arise,
 And ev'ry turn creates a fresh surprize.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,
 In a green vale a crystal grotto stood;
 And o'er its side, beneath a beachen shade,
 In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.
 Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,
 And cool recess, the pleas'd Porfenna came,
 And on the tender grass reclining chose
 To wave his joys a while, and take a short repose.
 The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze
 That whisper thro' the vale, the dancing trees,
 The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,
 All join their music to prolong his sleep.

Z

The

The princess for her morning walk prepar'd;
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard,
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair;
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
Lay love inshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least;
And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.
Her chestnut hair in careless rings around
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,
And, gather'd in a silken cord behind,
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind;
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.
Her snowy neck half naked to the view
Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and try'd
To shade those beauties that it could not hide.

The damsels of her train with mirth and song
Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.
'The birds proclaim their queen from ev'ry tree;
'The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see;
'The Loves, the Pleasures, and the Graces meet
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.

By

By whate'er fancy led, it chanc'd that day
 They thro' the secret valley took their way,
 And to the crystal grot advancing, spy'd
 The Prince extended by the fountain's side.

He look'd as, by some skilful hand express'd,
 Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest;
 When with the chace fatigu'd he quits the wood
 For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;
 There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd
 At ease, encirc'd by the laurel shade;
 Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,
 His bow unbent hangs negligently by.
 The slumb'ring Prince might boast an equal grace,
 So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.

Waking, he started from the ground in haste,
 And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;
 Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet
 The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.
 Deign, lovely Princess, to behold, said he,
 One, who has travers'd all the world to see
 Those charms, and worship thy divinity:
 Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile
 Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.
 Stood motionless the fair with mute surprise,
 And read him over with admiring eyes;
 And while she stedfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart
 Ran thrilling thro' her veins, and reach'd her heart.
 Each limb she scann'd, consider'd ev'ry grace,
 And sagely judg'd him of the Phoenix race.
 An animal like this she ne'er had known,
 And thence concluded there could be but one;

'The creature too had all the Phoenix air;
None but the Phoenix could appear so fair.
'The more she look'd, the more she thought it true,
And call'd him by that name, to show she knew.

O handsome Phoenix, for that such you are
We know; your beauty does your breed declare;
And I with sorrow own, thro' all my coast
No other bird can such perfection boast;
For nature form'd you single and alone:
Alas! what pity 'tis there is but one!
Were there a queen so fortunate to shew
An aviary of charming birds like you,
What envy wou'd her happiness create
In all who saw the glories of her state!

The Prince laugh'd inwardly, surpriz'd to find
So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.
The compliment indeed did some offence
To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense;
He could not let it pass, but told his name,
And what he was, and whence, and why he came;
And hinted other things of high concern
For him to mention, and for her to learn;
And she 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach
To comprehend whatever he could teach.
'Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,
Pleas'd and instructed with each other's talk.

Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,
And all the structure's vast magnificence,
Describe the walls of shining saphire made,
With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,

And

And how the vaulted canopies unfold
A mimic heav'n, and flame with gems and gold;
Or how Felicity regales her guest,
The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast;
And on each part bestow the praises due,
'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.
My am'rous tale a softer path pursues:
Love and the happy pair demand my Muse.
O could her art in equal terms express
The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess!
Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.
'Tis heav'n itself, 'tis extasy of bliss,
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess;
Mirth foll'wing mirth, the moments dance away;
Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows;
No jealousies disturb their sweet repose;
No sickness, no decay; but youthful grace,
And constant beauty shines in either face.
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,
Flow'rs of a day that do but bloom and fade;
Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows
The lily's white, and spreads the blushing rose;
No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast;
They, like the stars, shine brighter in its frost;
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey;
All seasons are the same, and ev'ry month is May.

Alas! how vain is happiness below!
Man, soon or late, must have his share of woe;
Slight

Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind ;
His griefs wound home, and leave a sting behind.
His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears
Less certain by his laughter than his tears ;
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,
But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could be,
The boon, young Prince, had been bestow'd on thee.
Bright shone thy stars, thy fortune flourish'd fair,
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care,
And so might still have been,, but anxious thought
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.

It so befel, as on a certain day
This happy couple toy'd their time away,
He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,
Since on her slave her heav'n of beauty shone.
Should I consult my heart, cry'd he, the rate
Were small, a week would be the utmost date :
But when my mind reflects on actions past,
And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.
Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone.
Three months! reply'd the fair, three months alone !
Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,
Since at my feet the lovely Phoenix lay.
Three hundred years ! re-echo'd back the Prince,
A whole three hundred years completed since
I landed here ! O ! whither then are flown
My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne ?
How strange, alas ! how alter'd shall I find
Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind !

Who

Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend
'To gain my rights? where shall I find a friend?
My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,
A race of kings that know not me nor mine;
Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat
My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat.
Oh had my life been ended as begun!
My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,
I should have dy'd well pleas'd; my honour'd name
Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame;
Reflecting now my mind with horror sees
The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,
'The odious blot, the scandal of my race,
Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.

The fair beheld him with impatient eye,
And, red with anger, made this warm reply;
Ungrateful man! is this the kind return
My love deserves? and can you thus with scorn
Reject what once you priz'd, what once you swore
Surpass'd all charms, and made ev'n glory poor?
What gifts have I bestow'd, what favours shown!
Made you partaker of my bed and throne;
Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time.
Weak arguments! for glory reigns above
The feeble ties of gratitude and love;
I urge them not, nor would request your stay;
The phantom glory calls, and I obey;
All other virtues are regardless quite,
Sunk and absorb'd in that superior light.

Go

Go then, barbarian, to thy realms return,
And shew thyself unworthy my concern;
Go, tell the world your tender heart could give
Death to the Princess by whose care you live.

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,
Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled;
She sunk into his arms: the Prince was mov'd,
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd,
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone;
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart;
He cou'd not hide its wounds, but pin'd away
Like a sick flow'r, and languish'd in decay.
An age no longer like a month appears,
But ev'ry month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear
A scene so chang'd, a sight of so much care.
She told him, with a look of cold disdain,
And seeming ease, as women well can feign,
He might depart at will; a milder air
Wou'd mend his health; he was no pris'ner there;
She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find
Cause to regret the place he left behind;
Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,
He had at least some little pleasure known.

If these prophetic words a while destroy
His peace, the former balance it in joy.
He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose
To quit the place, the rest let heav'n dispose.

For

For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,
And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not as she wont to rise,
In gay attire ting'd with a thousand dyes,
But sober-sad in solemn state appears,
Clad in a dusky vail bedew'd with tears.
Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.
The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,
Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.
Some black event the threat'ning skies fortetel,
Persenna rose to take his last farewell.
A curious vest the mournful Princess brought,
And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought;
A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,
And of resistless force a magic sword;
Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,
And loaded him with gifts and good advice;
But chief she gave, and what he most would need,
The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.
The swift Grifippo, said th' afflicted fair,
(Such was the courser's name) with speed shall bear }
And place you safely in your native air;
Assist against the foe with matchless might,
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;
With care protect you till the danger cease,
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.
But this I warn, beware; whate'er shall lay
To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,
Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,
Till safely landed at your palace gate.

A a

On

On this alone depends your weal or woe ;
Such is the will of Fate, and so the gods foreshow.
He in the softest terms repaid her love,
And vow'd, nor age nor absence should remove
His constant faith, and sure she cou'd not blame
A short divorce, due to his injur'd fame.
The debt discharg'd, then should her foldier come
Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest, home ;
With equal ardor her affection meet,
And lay his laurels at his mistress' feet.
He ceas'd, and fighting took a kind adieu ;
Then urg'd his steed ; the fierce Grifippo flew ;
With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind,
Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight, [height.
Now scour'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's

Thus driving on at speed the Prince had run
Ne'er half his course, when, with the setting sun,
As thro' a lonely lane he chanc'd to ride,
With rocks and bushes fenc'd on either side,
He spy'd a waggon full of wings. that lay
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.
The helpless driver on the dirty road
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.
Never in human shape was seen before
A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.
Comparisons of age would do him wrong,
For Nestor's self, if plac'd by him, were young.
His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,
The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin ;
His

His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,
Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly fright,
And back recoiling, stretch'd his wings for flight.
When thus the wretch, with supplicating tone }
And rueful face, began his piteous moan, }
And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down. }
O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd
Thy soul to gen'rous deeds, if e'er thy mind
Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care
To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.
So may propitious heav'n your journey speed,
Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.

Mov'd with the pray'r the kind Porfenna staid,
Too nobly minded to refuse his aid,
And, prudence yielding to superior grief,
Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;
Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,
Just choak'd and gasping on the verge of death.
Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound
The grizle spectre vaulting from the ground,
Seiz'd him with sudden gripe, th' astonish'd Prince,
Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.

O King of Russia, with a thund'ring sound
Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, at length thou'rt found
Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,
My name is Time, thy ever dreaded foe.
These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see
Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee;
Thro' all the world in vain for ages fought,
But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.

Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,
And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast;
Till forc'd at length the soul forsook its seat,
And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.

Scarce had the curst spoiler left his prey,
When so it chanc'd young Zephyr pass'd that way;
Too late his presence to assist his friend,
A sad but helpless witness of his end.
He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure
His streaming wounds; the work was done too sure.
Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears
The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears;
Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,
And graceful on the mossy carpet lays
With decent care, close by the fountain's side,
Where first the Princess had her Phoenix spy'd.
There with sweet flow'rs his lovely limbs he strew'd,
And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears bestow'd.

To that sad solitude the weeping dame,
Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow came.
There was she wont to vent her griefs, and mourn
Those dear delights that must no more return.
Thither that morn with more than usual care
She sped, but O what joy to find him there!
As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,
Retir'd to soft repose, her hero lay.
Now near approaching she began to creep,
With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep;
'Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew,
And round his neck her arms in transport threw.

But

But, when she found him dead, no tongue can tell
 The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning fell.
 Waking, with loud laments she pierc'd the skies,
 And fill'd th' affrighted forest with her cries.
 That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd;
 And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;
 Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,
 With crouds of black misfortune plac'd between;
 Mischiefs of ev'ry kind, corroding care,
 And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair.
 And since that day (the wretched world must own
 These mournful truths, by sad experience known)
 No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,
 And ev'ry thing on earth submits to Time.

THE CURATE.—A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
 His little lamp fed but with little oil,
 The curate sat (for scanty was his hire)
 And ruminated sad the morrows toil.
 'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
 The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
 No day of rest to him but day of care,
 At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.
 Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
 Of explanation deepe and sage advice,
 The harvest gain'd from many a thoughtful daye,
 The fruit of learninge bought with heavy price.
 On

On these he cast a fond but fearful eye :

A while he paus'd for sorrow stopp'd his throte ;
Arriv'd at length he heav'd a bitter sigh
And thus complain'd, as well indeed he mote.

“ Here is the scholar's lot, condemn'd to fail
Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave,
Clouds blind his sighte, nor blows a friendly gale
To waft him to one port, except the grave.

“ Big with presumptive hope I launch'd my keele,
With youthful ardour and bright science fraught,
Unanxious of the pain long doom'd to feel,
Unthinking that the voyage might end in nought.

“ Pleas'd on the summit sea I danc'd a while
With gay companions, and with views as fair,
Outstript by these I'm kept to humble toil,
My fondest hopes abandon'd in despair.

“ Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
To highest flights, to crozier and to pall,
Scarce could I mourn the missinge of my prize
For soaring wishes well deserve their fall.

“ No tow'ring thoughts likethese engag'd my breast,
I hop'd (nor blame ye proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest
The scheme of duty suited to the man :

“ Where in my narrow sphere, secure at ease
From vile dependence free I might remain,
The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

“ Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
And bound me fast in one ill omen'd hour,

Beyond

Beyond the chance of remedy, to rest

The slave of wealthie pride and priestly power.

" Oft as in russet weeds I scour along

In distant chapels hastilie to pray,

By nod scarce notic'd of the passing thronge,

' 'Tis but the curate', every child will say.

" Nor circumscrib'd indignity alone

Do I my rich superior's vassal ride ;

Sad penury as was in cottage known

With all its frowns does o'er my roof preside.

" Ah ! not for me the harvest yields its store,

The bough crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye,

To labour doom'd and destin'd to be poor,

I pass the field, I hope not envious by.

" When at the altar surplice clad I stand,

The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,

The gift I take, but dare not close my hand,

The splendid present centers not in me."

A PROLOGUE,

Supposed to be written by MR WARTON, and lately spoke at the WINCHESTER THEATRE, which stands over the city Shambles.

WHOE'ER our house examines must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse :

Then kindly listen, while the Prologue rambles

From wit to beef—from Shakespeare to the shambles !

Divided only by one flight of stairs,

The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears !

Quick

Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
 From meek Monimia's moans—to mutton chops!
 While for Lotharia's loss, Calista cries,
 Old women scold, and dealers *damn your eyes!*
 Here, Juliet listens to the gentle lark;
 There, in harsh chorus, hungry bull dogs bark.
 Cleavers and scymiters give blow for blow,
 And heroes bleed above, and sheep below.
 While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
 Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox,
 Cows-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones;
 Kidneys and kings, moulting and marrow-bones;
 Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound;
 And form a tragi-comedy around:
 With weeping lovers, dying calves complain;
 Confusion reigns—*Chaos is come again!*
 Hither your steel-yards, butchers bring, to weigh
 The pound of flesh Antonia's bond must pay!
 Hither your knives, ye butchers clad in blue,
 Bring, to be whetted by the cruel Jew!

How hard our lot, who seldom doom'd to eat,
 Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden treat;
 Gaze on sirloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
 And in the midst of legs of mutton starve!
 But would ye to our house in crowds repair,
 Ye generous captains, and ye blooming fair,
 The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
 Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
 Monarchs no more would supperless remain!
 Nor pregnant queens for *cutlets long* in vain.

D U N C A N.

A FRAGMENT.

SAW ye the Thane o'meikle pride,
Red anger in his eye?
I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd;
Red anger frights na' me.
For I have stuid whar Honour bade,
Tho' Death trod on his heel:
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear;
Nae sic may Duncan feel.
Hark! Hark! or was it but the wind
That thro' the ha' did sing?
Hark! Hark! agen: a warlike shout
The black woods round do ring.
'Tis na' for nought, bald Duncan cry'd,
Sic shouting's on the wind:
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A thrang o' spears behind.
Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
Anes mair to follow me;
We'll meet yon shouters by the burn;
I guess wha they may be.
But wha is he that speeds fae fast,
Frae the slaw-marching thrang?
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap ;

Then not of peace, I trow ;

“ My Master, Duncan, bade me rin,

“ And say these words to you.

“ Restore agen that bluming rose,

“ Your rude hand pluckt awa’ :

“ Restore agen his Mary fair,

“ Or you shall rue the fa’.”

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,

And shuik his forward spear :

“ Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,

“ We are na’ wont to fear.

“ He comes na’ on a wassel rout

“ Of revel, sport, and play ;

“ Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men

“ Lang ere this ruefu’ day.

“ The rose I pluckt, of right is mine ;

“ Our hearts together grew,

“ Like twa sweet roses on ae sta’k :

“ Frae hate to love she flew.”

Swift as a winged shaft he sped :

“ Bald Duncan said, in jeer,

“ Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,

“ We are na’ wont to fear.

“ He comes na’ on a wassel rout,

“ Of revel, sport, and play ;

“ Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men

“ Lang ere this ruefu’ day.

“ The rose I pluckt, of right is mine ;

“ Our hearts together grew.

“ Like

" Like twa sweet roses on ae sta'k:

" Frae hate to love she flew."

He stamp't his foot upo' the ground,

And thus in wrath did say:

" God strik my faul if frae this field

" We baith in life shall gae."

He wav'd his hand; the pipes they play'd,

The targets clatter'd round,

And now between the meeting faes

Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins fae fast?

Her feet nae stap they find,

Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud

Upon the simmer's wind.

Her face, a mantle screen'd afore,

She show'd of lily hue:

Sae frae the gray mist breaks the sun

To drink the morning-dew.

" Alake, my friends! what sight is this?

" Oh, stap your rage," she cry'd:

" Whar love with honey'd lip should be,

" Mak not a breach fae wide.

" Can then my uncle draw his sword,

" My husband's breast to bleid?

" Or can my sweet lord do to him

" Sic foul and ruthless deid?

" Bethink ye, uncle, of the time

" My gray-hair'd father died:

" Frae whar your shrill horn shuik the wood

" He sent for you wi' speed;

" My brother, guard my bairn, he said ;

" She has nae father soon :

" Regard her, Donald, as your ain :

" I'll ask nae ither boon.

" Would then my uncle force my love,

" Whar love it cou'd na' be,

" Or wed me to the man I hate ?

" Was this his care of me ?

" Can these brave men, who but of late,

" Together chas'd the deer,

" Against their comrades bend their bows,

" In bluidy hunting here ?"

She spake, while trickling ran the tears

Her blushing cheek along :

And silence, like a heavy cloud,

O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcom furth,

Threescore his years and three ;

Yet a' the strength of strongest youth

In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast ;

For war alane he lo'ed ;

His gray een sparkled at the sight

Of plunder, death and bluid.

" What ! shall our hearts of steel," he said,

" Bend to a woman's fang ?

" Or can her words our honour quit

" For sic dishonest wrang ?

" For this did a' these warriors come,

" To hear an idle tale ;

" And

" And o'er our death-accustom'd arms

" Shall silly tears prevail?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,

They clash'd their steely swords,

Like the loud waves of Bara's shore:

There was nae room for words.

A cry the weeping Mary gied:

" O uncle! hear my prayer:

" Head na' that man of bluidy look"—

She had nae time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came

A blind, unweeting dart,

That glanc'd frae off her Duncan's targe,

And strack her to the heart.

A while she stagger'd, syne she fell,

And Duncan see'd her fa':

Astound he stood; for in his limbs

There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,

Stood fix'd within his hand:

His lips, half open, cou'd na' speak:

His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,

With arms in triumph dight,

Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

THE

Cactera defunt.

THE COBLER.

WHY should the muse in high ambitious verse
Sing the stern warrior, and the bloody plain?

Why not the praise of industry rehearse,
Its heart-felt pleasure, and laborious pain?

In a small corner of yon narrow lane

An humble habitation may you see;

Its lonely window boasts no chrystal pane:

O free from taxes may it ever be! [see.

Ask you who dwells within? why then step in and

There lives a lowly wight, unknown to fame,

Of doubtless merit he, howe'er obscure;

That artist fly, whom we a Cobler name,

For ever chearful, and for ever poor.

Far from the precincts of his peaceful door

Vexatious riches fly, and wasting sorrow;

To-day is his; that he enjoys secure;

And to the care of heaven commits to-morrow:

Nor aught has he to lend, nor aught can think to
borrow.

He with the dawning of the early morn,
What time the loud-pip'd cock unceasing crows,

Brisk as the hunter at the sounding horn,

Starts up in haste, and to his cell he goes:

Mid the keen piercing air his visage glows.

Is there no brandy then at my command?

Ah! spare, ye biting frosts, his helpless toes;

Nor mar the useful labours of his hand,

Else must my naked feet unwilling print the sand.

He

He rubs his hands a while, and down he sits;
The thread is twin'd; the wax along it flies;
Then to the last the patient shoe he fits,
And the sharp awl right cunningly he plies.
Meanwhile he listens to the tuneful cries
Of salt, of cabbage, or of fish to sell;
Or else some merry song doth he devise,
Which stories quaint of ancient times doth tell;
Or whistles as he works, pleas'd and contented well.

Ye restless imps, that run about the street,
Run without fear; 'tis needless to give o'er:
Mifs to the fire may freely set her feet;
Mother may scold; and what can she do more?
Whate'er is lost, the cobbler can restore;
Be it a heel, or should a seam be slit,
Or should a hole, burnt out, appear before,
There is an art which even that hole can fit:
Cobbling's that worthy art: I sing the praise of it.

'Tis night; I see his dimly-glimm'ring lamp;
Like a faint star which through the fog doth shine,
Its sickly flames oppress'd with vapours damp,
Its beams scarce reaching this abode of mine:
By it he sits, nor yet doth he repine——
What dost thou mean, thou rash mischievous boy?
Lay down that stone; that wicked wit of thine,
Be gone with speed, and somewhere else employ:
Let honest industry in peace itself enjoy.

But now the labour of the day is done;
Nor without half-pence is his leathern purse:
O sweet reward of toil! how fairly won!
However little, got without a curse.

So home he hies him, freely to disburse
 The earnings of the day in ale so brown;
 He thanks kind heaven that made his lot no worse;
 Then takes his drink, and lays him softly down;
 Nor wants a loving wife, his honest joys to crown.

ORTHODOX ADVICE.

QUOTH John to his teacher, good Sir, if you please,

I wou'd beg your advice in a difficult case;
 'Tis a weighty concern, that may hold one for life,—
 'Tis, in short, the old story of taking a wife. [marry,
 There's a pair of young damsels I'm proffer'd to
 And whether to chuse puts me in a quandary:
 Alike they're in age, family, fortune, and feature,
 Only one has more grace, and the other good-nature.

As for that, says the teacher, good-nature and love,
 And sweetness of temper, are gifts from above;
 And, as coming from thence, we should give 'em
 their due;

Grace is a superior blessing, 'tis true.

Ay, Sir, I remember an excellent ferment,
 Wherein all along you gave grace the preferment.
 I'll never forget it; as how you were telling,
 That heaven resided where grace had its dwelling.

Why John, quoth the teacher, that's true: But, alas!
 What heaven can do is quite out of the case;
 For, by day and by night, with the woman you wed,
 'Tis you that must board, and 'tis you that must bed;
 And a good-natur'd girl may quickly grow gracious;
 But a four-headed faint will be ever vexatious.

MADNESS

M A D N E S S.

SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the muse's fires!
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madness self inspires.

Hail, awful Madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly——Folly's only free.

Hark!——to the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.——

Pride——Ambition idly vain,
Revenge, and Malice swell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
Hope in Disappointment lost——
And injur'd merit with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of Madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter,—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.——

Rough as the wintry wave, that roars
 On Thule's desert shores,
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
 The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
 (Rage the burthen of his jarring song) [hair.
 In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
 All former scenes of dear delight,
 Connubial love—parental joy—
 No sympathies like these his soul employ.
 —But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
 By too much tenderness betray'd;
 Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
 But slighted vows possess, and fainting soft desires.
 She yet retains her wonted flame,
 All—but in reason, still the same.—

Streaming eyes,
 Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequestrate steps intrude?—
 'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.

Blanket-rob'd

Blanket-rob'd, and antic-crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around ;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.—

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
 Drawn from the inmost soul !
 “ Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
 “ To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild ?
 —'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child.—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
 Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief. —

Thou, fair Religion, was design'd,
 Duteous daughter of the skies,
 To warm and cheer the human mind,
 To make men happy, good, and wise.
 To point, where sits in love array'd
 Attentive to each suppliant call,
 The God of universal aid,
 The God the Father of us all.

First shewn by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
 'Till Superstition, fiend of woe,
 Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
 And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
 (His beams of mercy thrown aside)
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
 And hurling vengeance wide.

Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies, [lies.
 And dash'd on Terror's rocks, Faith's best dependance

But ah!—too thick thy croud—too close thy throng,
 Objects of pity and affright!——
 Spare farther the descriptive song——
 Nature shudders at the sight.——
 Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
 But o'er the hapless group low drop Compassion's veil.

THE
 THREE TRAVELLERS.
A T A L E.

A Good repute, a virtuous name,
 Philosophers set forth,
 As the unerring path to fame,
 If fame consists in worth.
 This jewel, rarely to be found,
 Sets merit full in view;
 A moral glory shines around
 Whate'er the virtuous do.
 The precious ointment, gently shed,
 O'er mental ills prevails;
 And, where the fragrant med'cine's spread,
 It animates and heals.
 Yet hard it is to use it right,
 Tho' beautiful to view;
 It shines distinguishingly bright,
 How transitory too!

Like

Like glass it glitters, soon 'tis crack'd,
Irreparably frail!

All moralists allow the fact,
So I apply my tale.—

When things inanimate could speak,
FIRE once agreed with WATER,
A friendly jaunt one day to take,
But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd, that, the day before
Each left his different station,
They chose a third, worth twenty more,
And this was—REPUTATION.

The three companions now reflect,
If chance should once divide 'em,
How each his letters might direct,
Or who would surest guide 'em.

Says WATER, friends, you'll hear my name,
Tho' lost upon a mountain,
Enquire at any murmuring stream,
Or seek me in a fountain.

Where marshes stagnate, bogs extend,
Green reeds, and turfy fods
Direct a path to meet your friend;
A path the bullrush nods.

From deep cascades I sometimes pour;
Through meadows gently glide;
I drop a dew; descend a shower;
Or thunder in a tide.

Your restless make, quoth FIRE, I knew,
Just like your parent ocean;

I like

I like to rove as well as you,
My life consists in motion.

But should I stray, you'll find me soon
In matches, flints, and tapers;
And tho' my temper's brisk and boon,
I am often in the vapours.

From smoke sure tidings you may get,
It can't subsist without me:
Or find me, like some fond coquette,
With fifty sparks about me.

In poets all my marks you see,
Since flash and smoke reveal me;
Suspect me always near NAT LEE,
Even BLACKMORE can't conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow by art,
One flame, intense and even;
In SHAKESPEARE's blaze a sudden start,
Like lightening shot from Heaven.

In many more, a living ray,
Thro' various forms I shift;
I am gently lambent while I am GAY,
But brightest when I am SWIFT.

In different shapes too I am seen
Among the young and fair;
And as the virtues shine within,
You'll ever find me there.

I with pure, brilliant, piercing gleams,
Arm bright ELIZA's eye;
With modest, soft, ethereal beams,
Sweet MARY's I supply.

The best of slaves I am call'd by men,
 When held in proper durance;
 But, if I once do mischief, then
 I am heard of at the insurance.

Thro' nature's works I take my flight,
 And kindle as I run;
 Up from the tinder-box I light
 The chariot of the sun.

Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
 How happy in each other,
 Such numerous marks must surely guide
 Each stranger to his brother.

Tis I alone must be undone,
 Such ills has fate design'd me:
 If I be lost, 'tis ten to one,
 You never more will find me.

A N E L E G Y,

On the death of two GOLDFINCHES, given to the
 writer by the Right Honourable Lady MARY
 LESLIE, on her leaving IRELAND.

A DIEU! O ye favourites, so dear!
 Ye pretty sweet warblers adieu!
 No more your glad notes shall I hear,
 No more meet your welcomes so true;
 No more on my shoulder and head,
 Free perching, my tea shall ye sip;
 No more shall ye eye me for bread,
 And snatch, with your bills, from my lip.

Dull

Dull censors, ye hold it in scorn,
 From such motives distress should appear:
 Yet, I lov'd them, and cannot but mourn;
 They are dead, and I must drop a tear.
 Whoe'er shall such feelings despise,
 May act the more stoical part,
 May vaunt himself happy and wise,
 But let him not boast of his heart.
 Affection with virtue is join'd,
 It dwells with the brave and the free,
 It warms and ennobles the mind,
 Then, is it a weakness in me?
 If gratitude weakness implies,
 That weakness for ever be mine—
 And the gift for the giver I prize;
 They, lovely MARIA, were thine.
 At NEWLAND*, where often I stray'd,
 And often you tripp'd by my side†,
 One evening, slow winding the glade,
 In a hawthorn the nestlings were spy'd;
 Soft transport quick glanc'd from your eye,
 Sweet innocence lisp'd on your tongue;
 They chirrup'd—you wish'd, with a sigh,
 To protect both the nest and the young.
 Full feather'd they home were convey'd—
 For honour and freedom well known,
 With a LESLIE nought had they to dread,
 And their fears were soon over and gone.

At

* The Earl of ROTHER's summer residence, near DUBLIN.

† The writer was preceptor to her Ladyship.

At large, in your chamber they flew—

O! there, that 'till now they might rove!—

And fed, and attended by you,

Forgot both the fields and the grove.

But the season of sorrow drew nigh—

Far hence must their mistress depart:

Remembrance, even now, fills my eye,

For MARIA was dear to my heart.

And she kiss'd her poor favourites, and cry'd;

And she begg'd to her birds I'd be kind;

And she much in my care did confide,

And her words ever liv'd in my mind.

One morn, of my CHARLEY* bereft,

What else could from hirelings ensue?

The window wide open was left,

And away the dear libertine flew.

All the day, though 'tis strange to relate,

All the day did he wantonly roam;

But at eve the soft notes of his mate,

Recall'd the bold fugitive home.

For years the sole joy of her heart,

Thence faithful he sung by her side;

And at her when cold death flung his dart,

He languish'd, he sicken'd, he died.

Adieu! ye companions, so dear!

Ye pretty sweet warblers adieu!

No more your glad notes shall I hear;

How rare meet affection so true!

D d

THE

* One of the Goldfinches so called; a family name.

THE OCEAN.

S EARCH Nature's works, thro' all her mazy plan,
All Nature's works are counterparts of Man,
'Tis man, 'tis man, the moralizing muse
Sees in the rock, and in the wave pursues.

Mark yonder low'ring cloud, see billows rise,
Shoot up aloft in air, and threat the skies;
Such and so great the storm within the soul,
When reason sinks, and passion's billows roll.

See trembling sun-beams play along the tide,
Soft breathes the gale, and smooth the waters glide;
'Tis so the placid man's life gently flows,
Where all is motion, and yet all repose.

The sluggard, every passion lull'd to sleep,
Dares not to hope, to fear, to joy, to weep;
Behold, fit emblem of the sluggard's rest,
The dead still calm, unblest and unblest.

Waves destroy waves, successive as they flow,
And beat down others, that themselves may grow;
So the false wretch, the basest of the base,
Supplants his fellow, to usurp his place.

Wrapt in himself and resolutely just,
Unmov'd, nor changing with the changing gust;
The moral hero stands each adverse shock,
The moral hero's pictur'd in the rock.

Behold the ocean, all intestine jar,
All chaos, discord, and unceasing war;
Behold the world, all passion, and all strife;
The world's an ocean, and our voy'ge is life.

See,

See, see each bark exalt the little sail,
Launch eager on the tide, and catch the gale,
A hapless bark, long e'er it reach the coast,
It *must* be shatter'd, and it *may* be lost.

Passions are winds to urge us o'er the wave,
Reason the rudder, to direct and save;
This without those, obtains a vain employ,
Those without this, but urge us to destroy.

Hope is our anchor: every comfort past,
She gives an animating smile at last,
With her, tho' wreck'd, we dare the stormy main,
And wreck'd again, with her we dare again.

The port is happiness: all hither aim,
All seek by different means, this end the same;
Oh happiness, to thee, to thee we're bound,
Thee ever seek to find, tho' none e'er found,
We seek thee here: In vain. We seek thee there,
Still, still in vain; thou phantom fleet as air.

Say goddess in what place thou lov'st to dwell,
What unknown region, or what hidden cell;
Oh deign to shed one glimm'ring ray of light,
Exalt one beacon, and direct us right;
Thro' unknown tracks, thro' hidden cells for thee,
We'll climb each rock, and dauntless brave each sea.

Unlike to this, behold another port,
To which we would not, yet we must resort;
A silent port, where winds forget to roar,
And foaming billows learn to foam no more;
Where clouds and quicksands, storms and tempests
cease,

All hush'd in silence and eternal peace.

Short is thy voy'ge, protract it how you can,
 Proceed then mortal, nor curtail thy span
 The storms of passion, whirlpools of despair,
 The straits of trouble, and the clouds of care ;
 These, tho' they threat, shall quickly pass away,
 Short is thy voy'ge, and short like that are they.

A DISH OF TEA.

PRETTY charmer, glossy dish,
 Daily object of my wish,
 Let me sip thy liquid tea,
 Liquid leaf of indian tree ;
 How I feel my spirits flow,
 And my vigour in me glow ;
 When from teapot you distil,
 Little teapot's smoking rill,
 And you lose your golden stream
 In a silver flood of cream ;
 And I lift thee to my lip,
 And like nectar thee I sip ;
 Oh, how charming is the bliss
 Of thy aromatic kifs.

Happy he, who twice a day
 Thus can taste his life away ;
 Who with each returning morn,
 After walking o'er the lawn ;
 And at night again can sip
 India's fragrance from thy lip,
 Purer joys by far he knows,
 Than from frantic Bacchus flows.

VERSES

VERSES *left on a Table at a CHOP-HOUSE,*
near the ROYAL EXCHANGE.

DEAR Betty, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as french-bread fair;
As thy sweet eyes, no cruet half so bright,
Tho' of cut-glass, by a wax taper's light; [touch,
Thy hands for softness, shame the sweet-bread's
Thy fingers all exceed the radish much;
Blue veins appear upon thy lovely skin,
Like dainty mould on sheshire cheese so thin;
No Durham mustard made the day before,
Is half so quick as you from two till four;
Sharp as my knife, and piercing as my fork,
Is thy clear wit, and oh when country pork
In season comes, how does thy comic voice
Join in the feast, like that and apple sauce;
As leaves of endive is thy curling hair,
Thy forehead like a muffin bak'd so fair;
And when I fain would paint thy gentle mind,
I talk of pigeons and of lambkins kind,
Ere the vile butcher, or the poulterer drew
That knife, which sent them to be drest by you.

Oh Betty, could I turn and shift my love,
With the same art that you your steaks can move,
My heart thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house feast
And you alone should be the welcome guest,
But dearest girl, the flames that you impart
Like chop on gridiron broil my tender heart;

Which

Which if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Must like an unturn'd chop, his, burn, and fry;
And must at last, thou scorcher of my soul,
Shrink and become an undistinguish'd coal.

A S O N N E T T.

TO heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.
Pleas'd, I obey'd, but from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart,
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart.

C O S M E L I A.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Who young in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glastonbury thorn.
Cosmelia cruel at threescore,
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life past guiltless o'er
But in the fifth she slays.
When e'er impatient for the bliss,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaister'd fair receives the kiss,
Like Thisbe——thro' a wall.

*A GENTLEMAN to a SURGEON letting his Mistress
Blood.*

FOND man that canst believe her blood
Will from those purple chrystals flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul distemper know,
Or that thy weak steel can incise,
The chrystal case wherein it lies.

Know, that quick blood proud of his seat
Runs dancing thro' her azure veins;
Whose harmony nor cold nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells
The keenest dart of love repells.

But thou reply'st, Behold she bleeds,
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know
The mystic knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou strok'st her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

The PRESBYTERIAN PARSON'S BREECHES.

PINDAR, thrice sacred shade, arise
With deep solemnity,
Aid me to spurn the vulgar dust,
Aid me to reach the sky.

Let others in the Morning Post
Write their ignoble name,

My

My muse among the stars shall fix
Her everlasting fame.

Let Garrick rouse "To Arms to Arms"
And thunder "Who's afraid"
To make the Coxheath Hero strut
And shew his fierce cockade.

Let laureat Whitehead flatter kings
To fill his purse with riches,
My muse pursues a nobler theme,
A parson's greasy breeches.

These breeches were not made of silk,
Of cloth or velvet either;
The breeches that sublime my lays
Were made of courtly leather.

That they might match the fable coat
He wore upon his back,
(For priests delight in etiquette)
Much grease had dy'd them black.

The doctor that he might expo und
His text with comely grace,
Each Saturday was wont to shave
His venerable face.

Now aid me then ye muses all,
To sing in lofty stave,
How useful these same breeches were
While he his face did shave.

They serv'd him for a razor-strap
Whereon his blade to whet;
For a rough edge were sure enough,
To make a *Calvin* fret.

And

And when his evangelic face,

To scrape he did begin,

They serv'd him for a looking glafs,

That he mightn't cut his chin.

They serv'd him for a shoulder clout

Whereon his blade to clean,

Which stood instead of mercury,

To make the mirror shine.

Thus the grand summit of her song

The muse expiring reaches,

Quite dazzled with the glorious theme,

The splendor of the breeches.

Oh crown our Parson then with laurels

And honour his invention,

Does he not more than Parson Bate

Deserve to have a pension?

Straps, razors, mirrors buy no more,

No more let tradesmen cheat us,

For that which warms the Parson's rump

Is his shaving apparatus.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

YE mountains so dreary and dread,

To whom I so often repair,

In pity fall down on my head,

And snatch me at once from despair.

In mercy, ye skies, to my woes,
Let your thunders avengingly roll,
And death kindly hush to repose
The Ætna that bursts on my soul.
Twelve moons have I scarcely been wed,
And honour'd with Beverly's name;
Yet how has the conjugal bed
Been steep'd in pollution and shame!
To the fondest and worthiest youth,
All spotted and perjur'd I stand;
And this ring, which once swore to my truth,
Now deadens, thro' guilt, on my hand
Perdition quick fall on the hour
That first I saw Clerimont's face,
And fatally gave him a power
To plunge me in endless disgrace.
From Time's swiftly silvering wing
This instant O let it be torn;
And pluck from remembrance a sting,
Too bitter by far to be borne.
Once white as the moon's purest ray,
This bosom could consciously heave,
Despise every thought to betray,
And detest every wish to deceive.
Once crown'd with contentment and rest,
My days held the happiest race;
And the night saw me equally blest,
In my Beverly's honest embrace.
But now, one continued disguise,
I'm hackney'd in falsehood and art;

And

And teach every glance of my eyes
To conceal every wish of my heart.
To meet with poor Beverly's kiss.
What transport appears in my air!
Tho' his breast, once the pillow of bliss,
Swells only with death and despair.
If a look is by accident caught,
I'm fill'd with a thousand alarms;
And Clerimont fires every thought,
When I melt e'en in Beverly's arms.
Great Ruler of all things above,
Whom Father of Mercies we deem,
Let duty direct me to love
Where reason compells my esteem.
Yet how to thy throne shall I run;
For pardon, how can I exclaim;
When every renewal of fun
Beholds a renewal of shame!
Nay, now while the guilt I detest,
My conscience so dreadfully wrings;
This Clerimont grows on my breast,
And insensibly twists round the strings.
Distraction, this instant repair,
And seize the least atom of brain;
For nature no longer can bear
This incredible fulness of pain!
Let Mercy employ its own time,
I dare not look upward that way;
For unless I desist from my crime,
'Tis blasphemy surely to pray.

A DIRGE

A D I R G E.

BOW the head thou lily fair,
Bow the head in mournful guise;
Sickly turn thy shining white,
Bend thy stalk and never rise.

Shed thy leaves thou lovely rose,
Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay;
Spread them wide on the cold earth,
Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
All untwine from yonder bower;
Drag thy branches on the ground,
Stain with dust each tender flower.

For, woe is me! the gentle knot,
That did in willing durance bind
My EMMA and her happy swain,
By cruel death is now untwin'd.

Her head with dim half-closed eyes,
Is bowed upon her breast of snow;
And cold and faded are those cheeks,
That wont with chearful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice,
That wont to breathe the sounds of love;
And lifeless are those beauteous limbs,
That with such ease and grace did move.

And I of all my blifs bereft,
Lonely and sad must ever moan;
Dead to each joy the world can give,
Alive to memory alone.

VERSES

V E R S E S

*Written upon a Pedestal beneath a row of elms in
a meadow near Richmond Ferry, belonging to
RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq.*

YE green-hair'd nymphs! whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-eyed Naiads of the stream,
That sooth the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;
If e'er by moonlight on the plain
Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain;
From every floweret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From these moss'd elms, where prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!

O banish from this peaceful plain
The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow:

The

The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain:
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chase
 Alike the worthy and the base:
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame:
 But far, O! banish'd far be they,

Who hear, unmov'd, the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
 The tear that swells the widow's eye;
 Th' unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys;
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind!
 Hearts pair'd in heaven, not meanly sold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold:

And

And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,

In others bliss can claim a part,
And, in life's brightest hour, can share

Each pang that wrings another's heart:
Ye guardian sprights, when such ye see,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!
Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!

And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend!
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

SONNET,

SONNET — *Written on the Sea Shore.*

LOUD are the Surges of the angry main
When tempest rages with tumultuous sway,
When howling winds deform the liquid plain,
And all is chaos wild, and drear dismay.

See yon poor bark its utmost fury brave
Whilst o'er the shatter'd deck the billows roll,
Scarce heaves her lab'ring side above the wave;
Sad emblem of my tempest beaten soul.

Yet shall these terrors of the deep subside
These angry waves and hideous storms shall cease;
She in her destin'd port shall safely ride,
And all be hush'd in harmony and peace.
Ah! when shall I attain that peaceful shore,
Where storms shall vex the harass'd soul no more.

On the ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

QUOTH Dick to Tom,—This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive:

To take the Crown at eighteen years,
The Wife at twenty-five.

The myst'ry how shall we explain?

For, sure, as * Dowdeswell said,

Thus early if they're fit to reign

They must be fit to wed!

Quoth Tom to Dick,—Thou art a fool,

And little know'st of life;

Alas! 'tis easier far to rule

A kingdom than a wife.

INSTRUCTIONS

* Mr Dowdeswell's Speech on the Royal Marriage Act.

* INSTRUCTIONS TO A PORTER.

YOU! to whose care I've now consign'd

My house's entrance, caution use,
While you discharge your trust, and mind

Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here,

Passions the raging breast that storm,

Nor scornful *pride*, nor servile *fear*,

Nor hate nor envy's pallid form.

Should *avarice* call—you'll let her know

Of heap'd up riches I've no store,

And that she has no right to go

Where Plutus has not been before.

Lo! on a visit hither bent

High plum'd *ambition* stalks about;

F f

But

* This and the following Poems marked with an Asterisk, were wrote by the late Mr Bedingsfeld, of whom, the annexed account is taken from the Gentlemen's Magazine for December, 1789. "Mr Bedingsfeld was the son of Mr Bedingsfeld, of York, (who is related to Sir Richard Bedingsfeld of Oxborough, in the county of Norfolk.) He was a young Man of fine parts; served a few years with Mess. Davidsons, Attornies at Newcastle; came to London about six years ago; was clerk to the late eminent conveyancer, Matthew Duane, Esq; since whose death, Mr Bedingsfeld, practised as a chamber counsel (being a Roman Catholic) on his own account; he died at Epping, Nov. 18, 1789."

But shou'd he enter, sweet *content*

Will give me warning—shut him out.

Perhaps the *Muse* may pass this way,

And tho' full oft I've bent the knee,

And long invok'd her magic sway,

Smit with the love of harmony;

'Alone tho' she might please—yet still

I know she'll with *Ambition* come;

With lust of Fame my heart she'll fill,

She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

There is a Rascal old and hideous,

Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)

Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,

In hopes he might admittance gain.

His name is *Care*—if he should call,

Quick out of doors with vigour throw him;

And tell the miscreant once for all

I know him not, I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then Bacchus, foe to *care*,

May think *he'll* sure my favour win,

His promises of joy are fair

But false, you must not let him in.

But welcome that sweet power! on whom

The Young *desires* attendant move;

Still flush'd with Beauty's vernal bloom,

Parent of bliss the *Queen of Love*.

O! you will know her, she has stole

The lustre of my Delia's eye,

Admit her, hail her—for my soul

Breathes double life when she is nigh.

If then, stern *Wisdom* at my gate
Should knock with all her formal train,
Tell her I'm busy—she may wait,
Or if she chooses—call again.

* OLD AGE THE SEASON OF FRIEND-
SHIP AND NOT OF LOVE.

AN IMITATION FROM VOLTAIRE.

Se vous voulez que j'aime encore, &c.

IF in this bosom love you'd raise,
Love's long lost season back invite,
And to the twilight of my days
The rosy dawn of youth unite.
From scenes where Bacchus takes his stand,
And *Venus* fires the youthful heart;
Time seizing on my wither'd hand
And frowning, warns me to depart.
Against the terrors of his rage
My drooping soul let reason steel,
Who wants the spirit of his age,
Must all his age's evil feel.
Let *Youth* enjoy the smiles of Fate,
The yielding Fair, the sparkling Glass,
Two Moments from our mortal date,
Let *one* to wisdom sacred pass.

But—Fly ye, to return no more
Illusions, Follies; Love and Joy,

Celestial Gifts of genial power,
Life's sharpest sorrows to destroy.

Twice do we die, so fate decrees;
To cease to Love and to be loved
Is death, and worse than death; to cease
To live is what I'll bear unmoved.

Thus trembling with awaken'd fire,
The loss of youthful joys I mourn'd,
And to the paths of fond desire,
My wandering soul again return'd.

When lo! to sooth my troubl'd mind,
Friendship descended from above,
As sweet, as tender, and as kind,
But charm'd—but ravish'd less than *Love*.

Pleas'd with her beauties as she slept,
Struck with her splendor as she shone,
Friendship I follow'd,—but I wept,
Now forc'd to follow her *alone*.

* AN INVOCATION.

C ELESTIAL harmony descend,
The wrinkl'd brow of care unbend,
Thy chearful voice let sorrow hear,
And cease to drop the pensive tear;
Bid joy, ecstatic joy impart
Its pleasing influence to the heart,
Descend celestial harmony,
Joy owes its sweetest charm to thee.

When

When love the bosom fills, 'tis thine
 His power to heighten and refine,
 Thy thrilling warblings soft and flow,
 Attuned to melting passion flow,
 And bid the soul enraptured prove,
 That music is the voice of love;
 Descend celestial harmony,
 Love owes its sweetest charm to thee.

Enchanting power 'tis thine to still
 The storms that life's sad circle fill;
 The burthen of our woes to ease,
 And make our pleasures doubly please;
 Each tender feeling to refine
 Through life, enchanting power 'tis thine;
 Descend celestial harmony,
 Life owes its sweetest charm to thee.

* ON FOUR BEAUTIFUL SISTERS.

YE Daughters of H—— each mortal may see
 Such symptoms of sweetness, of beauty such
 traces

In every dear feature—that were you but *three*,
 Each mortal would whisper, “Behold the three
 Graces.”

But since heavenly charmers, your number is *four*,
 A fourth heavenly name must be fix'd on between
 us;

Each mortal, whose eyes the fair group shall explore
 Must whisper “Behold the three Graces—and
 Venus.”

Yet whom to distinguish with Venus's name,
Is a point that must puzzle a poor rhyming elf;
For the handmaids of beauty to rank cannot claim
With the sweet smiling goddess of beauty herself.

'Tis not in your charms the distinction I'll seek,
With equal attraction beholders they feast;
So sparkling each eye, and so blooming each cheek,
Each nymph is a Venus—in beauty at least.

But Venus, by bards, young and old 'tis confessed,
Was gifted with *kindness* united to *beauty*;
And still was her heart with this maxim impressed,
“To *wound* is my Fate—but to *heal* is my Duty.”

Since then the contention of charms is in vain,
The claim beauty cannot, let kindness discover;
Let this be the praise that ye strive to obtain,
Who soonest shall grant the fond suit of her lover.

Thus who shall be Venus will be a plain case,
The point to decide with success I've been trying,
Each nymph that is prudish, shall be but a Grace,
And the nymph shall be Venus, that's kind and
complying.

* Upon my soul when I advised
One of you four to copy Venus,
Sweet B——y! faith I ne'er surmised,
You'd form this misconstruction heinous.

Was

* Miss B. H. married a gentleman engaged in the Iron-works at S.

Was there alas! no other way,
 You could the goddess imitate;
 Than in what most her folly lay,
 Her choice preposterous of a mate?
 But since 'tis past, I'll still rejoice,
 If you the copy will pursue;
 Resembling Venus in her choice,
 And treatment of her chosen too.
 In decking heads much time you've spent,
 'Tis well—that business follow now;
 And don't forget what ornament,
 Your Venus plac'd on Vulcan's brow.

* *On the DEATH of Miss F. H.'s LOVER.*

THE youth of Peleus' verdant plain,
 To fate resigns his struggling breath;
 Each friend in pity's bitter strain,
 Laments th' untimely stroke of death.
 But oh! his Fanny's tender heart,
 Feels the keen pang that's felt by few;
 For wounded by a double dart,
 She weeps her friend and lover too.
 Sorrowing she mourns his early doom,
 His truth, his wond'rous worth recalls;
 And o'er fair merit's hallow'd tomb,
 The lovely tear of beauty falls.
 The tear of beauty falls—yet still
 Not e'en that tear shall ought avail,

It

It cannot thaw death's icy chill,
 It cannot wake the slumbers pale.
 Still pensive mourner let it flow,
 Spread sorrow's langour o'er thy face;
 Thy charms thus soft'ned, sweeter glow,
 And from affliction borrow grace.
 Lamented shade! tho' pleasure's hour
 To thee, yet scarce begun, was o'er,
 Tho' on thy cheek youth's vernal flower
 Just bloom'd—and bloom'd to close no more.
 Still does thy fate my envy move,
 Thy fortune friendly still appears,
 Alive, blest with thy Fanny's love,
 And dead, lamented with her tears.

* *To Mrs C—, on her desiring to see some of my*
 V E R S E S.

URGE, urge no more the vain request,
 Resolv'd to shun the alarming test;
 I'll prudent to thy sight refuse,
 The weak productions of my muse;
 Soon wou'd thy penetrating eye,
 Defects unnumber'd there descry;
 No beauties note, my feeble lays
 Wou'd claim thy pity, not thy praise.

For shou'd'st thou see that there I aim
 To catch imagination's flame;

Triumphantly

Triumphantly to move along,
 With all the pomp of lofty song;
 Alas! with such superior sway,
 Thy happier genius wings its way;
 So bright thy Fancy's given to shine,
 Thou'lt pity sure a muse like mine.

Or humbler shou'd I strive to gain,
 Applause from humour's sportive strain,
 In playful style attempt to please,
 And aim at elegance and ease;
 Alas! what can I thus submit?
 Such vigour points thy livelier wit;
 Such native graces still refine,
 Thou'lt pity sure a wit like mine.

But should my pensive lays disclose
 Some mournful lover's hidden woes;
 The troubled mind, the bleeding heart,
 Transfix'd with passions keenest dart;
 While, curst, he views his fair one's charms,
 With rapture crown another's arms,
 Alas! with hopeless grief he'd pine,
 Thou would'st not pity woes like mine.

* *The RELAPSE.*

A Slave to Celia's charms, I saw
 My fond affection fruitless prove;
 No more shall Venus give me law,
 No more O Cupid! will I love.

G g

Yet

Yet I was born to feel thy dart,
But now the dear delusion's o'er,
Thy reign is gone, my foolish heart
Would love too much—*I'll love no more.*

The godhead cried "what servile fear!
"Weak mortal see thy soul to move,
"Three graces joined in one appear"
—Child 'tis in vain—*I will not love.*

When lo! my Sylvia's radiant form
Sudden my dazzled eyes explore;
She comes with beauty's every charm,
But comes too late—*I'll love no more.*

Yes, *there* resides each power to please,
There graces o'er each feature rove,
There wit and temper, sense and ease,
But all are vain—*I will not love.*

What? shall my rivals own their fire,
And prostrate at her feet adore,
Whilst I—why still I'll but *admire*,
I'll surely, surely—*love no more.*

When Cupid thus his purpose prest,
"Thy sense and reas'ning I approve;
"*Admire* then, and in safety rest;
"For admiration—*is not love.*

"What tho' ten thousand graces glow,
"Such as ne'er met thy eyes before;
"Tho' beauty, sense—all these you know,
"Are nothing, when—*one loves no more.*

"Then see the nymph, devoid of fear,
"Myself all danger will remove;

Each

" Each moment whispering in your ear,

" *At least remember not to love.*"

How cou'd I trust such hidden guile,

Wou'd Cupid lessen Cupid's power?

Malicious imp! I saw him smile,

Whene'er I said — *I'll love no more.*

E'en from that day to danger blind,

Heedless to meet my fate I move;

I see the charmer, but I find

To see thee is — *Alas to love.*

* ADDRESSED to MR G. PICKERING.

TO me when life's alluring scenes were new,
And hope her magic glass upheld to youth,
The sweet perspective; how it charmed my view,
It promis'd blifs in love—in friendship truth.

To each fond scheme it promis'd sure success,
Health to pursue, and patience to attain;
I deem'd each hour beyond the last would bless,
And pleasure still extend her smiling reign.

Experience soon was nigh; —th' illusion's o'er,
And all my darling aims abortive prove:

Early my heart is destin'd to deplore,
Friendship betray'd, and unrequited love.

My wearied spirits sink, and palid care
Has fix'd his residence upon my cheek;
Calling on comfort, answer'd by despair,
Through life's drear wilderness my way I seek.

I've

I've seen a flower which at Aurora's call,
 Burst into bloom and gaily rear'd its head;
 Its rise all nature seem'd to hail, and all
 The youthful grace of spring around was spread.
 But soon came on the sultry hour of day,
 Blasting whate'er was promis'd by the morn;
 Th' unhappy plant soon felt the parching ray,
 And lost its early bloom and droop'd forlorn.
 When lo! their genial succour to impart,
 I saw the dews of night propitious come;
 Thus far'd it with the flower; my drooping heart
 Pants for the night eternal of the tomb.

LINCOLN'S INN,
 JULY 25, 1786.

J. B.

A LETTER, *from a CLERGYMAN of the Church
 of England, to a FEMALE QUAKER. With her
 ANSWER. (By desire.)*

HARK, how the sacred thunder rends the
 skies! cries:
 "Repent, and be baptiz'd,"—Christ's herald
 "Repent, and be baptiz'd,—consenting Heaven
 replies.

And can Lavana, unaffected, hear
 This awful message echoing in her ear?
 Will my Lavana, unconverted, prove
 Rebel to God, and faithless unto love?
 Say, shall a parent's absolute command
 The mighty voice of God himself withstand?

Shall

Shall heavenly calls to earthly ties give place,
 And filial fondness frustrate Christian grace?
 Shall human wit Omniscience engage,
 And Barclay endless war with Jesus wage?
 Must each Apostle wave his claim to merit,
 That Fox may shine first martyr of the spirit?
 Must common sense be banish'd from the soul,
 'Ere gospel salve can make the sinner whole?
 Must each adept in Calvary's great school
 Be not in meekness, but in fact a fool?
 Must Paul, at Corinth, be a babbler too?
 And Peter, when a baptist, be a Jew?
 Must Philip's process be superfluous thought,
 Because he wash'd the eunuch he had taught?
 Must soe'd'ral rites be metaphor'd away,
 And actual homage constru'd—disobey?
 Such juggling arts may change each part of speech,
 Make water spirit, and baptize to teach:
 But of such jargon, Jesus represents,
 The light indeed, is lent alone to saints.
 Then, in the letter double death we find,—
 And Christ by figure only sav'd mankind.

The A N S W E R.

“**H**ARK, how the sacred thunder rends the
 skies!

“Repent and be baptiz'd,”—Christ's herald cries:

“Repent and be baptiz'd,”—consenting heaven
 replies.”

The Christian heart reveres the solemn sound,
 And deeply humbled, treads the sacred ground;

Owns

OwNS the injunction's undisputed claim,
Its awful import, and its glorious aim :
But here a difference mutual zeals excites,—
You plead for outward,—we for mental rights :
We think the Gospel's hallow'd page inspires
Superior efforts,—nor one type requires ;
Since no lavations can effectual prove,
The innate stains of nature to remove ;
No mode of words can heavenly grace impart
To an infantile and unconscious heart :
As vain and factious, hence we disallow
The faithless surety and baptismal vow,
As being shadows, which men may observe,
Yet from the substance flagrantly they swerve.
While superstitious rites their time divide,
They cease to follow their internal guide ;
Enslav'd by canons, and the partial rules
Of councils, synods, colleges, and schools.
'Thus might mankind, for some, an ample field
To circumcision's antient custom yield ;
Or, humbly prostrate in the public street,
With mutual candor wash each others' feet :
'Tis thus that holiness to form gives place,
And solemn trifling frustrates Christian grace.
In Jordan's pool well pleas'd, th' Almighty saw
His son belov'd submitting to the law ; *
But his Apostles through the world he sent,
With a baptizing power beyond the element.
This power does all true ministry attend,
'Twas promis'd, and will never have an end :

This

* Matt. iii. 14.

This mighty power his herald did proclaim,—
 "He shall baptize you with an holy flame."
 Yet water was in use, an ancient rite,
 Allow'd the common way to profelyte;
 But no dependence plac'd thereon, you see,
 And Paul and Peter in this point agree.*
 Then real Christians, with illumin'd thought,
 View truth unbias'd, as its author taught;
 No type nor observation are rever'd,
 Since their immortal antitype appear'd.
 Fox preach'd this doctrine to a seeking age;
 It shines in Barclay's unrefuted page:
 Simple their scheme, no mean self-love they knew,
 But freely preach'd, without a sordid view;
 With hearts devoted, gospel truths display'd,
 And scorn'd to make divinity a trade;
 No juggling arts e'er us'd, no low disguise,
 On obvious texts and sense to tyrannize;
 Discerning truth, by its own native light,
 And by its guidance, practis'd what was right.
 This state attain'd, prophetic signs no more
 Demand observance, as in days of yore;
 'Tis grace alone, exalted and refin'd,
 Imparts instruction to th' attentive mind;
 Convicts of error, and restrains from sin,—
 For what these are, it manifests within;
 Each wayward passion by its aid subdu'd,
 The soul's enthron'd in native rectitude;
 Cleans'd of its stains, and sprinkled from above,
 With pure descendings of atoning love.

* 1 Cor. i. 17. Pet. iii. 21.

A baptism this,—essential you will find,
 Or Christ by figure only sav'd mankind ;
 This, then, alone, my suppliant spirit craves,—
 Since but one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism saves.

*Verses copied from the Window of an obscure
 Lodging-House in London.*

STRANGER, whate'er thou art, whose restless
 mind,
 Like me within these walls is cribb'd, confin'd,
 Learn, how each want, that heaves our mutual sigh,
 A woman's soft sollicitudes supply !
 From her white breast retreat all rude alarms,
 Or fly the circle of her magic arms ;
 While souls exchang'd alternate grace acquire,
 And passions catch from passions glorious fire.

What tho' to deck this roof no arts combine,
 Such forms as rival ev'ry fair but mine ;
 No nodding plumes, our humble couch above,
 Proclaim each triumph of unbounded love ;
 No silver lamp, with sculptur'd Cupids gay,
 O'er yielding Beauty pours its midnight ray :
 Yet Fanny's charms could Time's slow flight beguile,
 Soothe every care, and make this dungeon smile ;
 In her what Kings, what saints have wish'd, is given ;
 Her heart is Empire, and her love is Heaven !



T H E E N D.

~~to me the and~~
~~July. I am a half mile~~
~~I fly with the heaven~~